

THE ILLUSTRATED
SPORTING & DRAMATIC
NEWS

No. 164.—VOL. VII.

[REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1877.

[WITH TITLE AND INDEX
TO VOL. VI.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.
By Post 6½d.



MISS KATE PATTISON.

RAILWAYS.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY.

EXTENSION OF TIME FOR RETURN TICKETS.
All return tickets for distances over ten miles, and the cheap return tickets between London and Westenhanger, Hythe, Sandgate, Shorncliffe, Folkestone, and Dover, issued on 29th March and five following days, will be available for the return journey by any train of the same description and class, up to and including April 4th.

The cheap Saturday to Monday tickets to the Sea Side, issued on March 31st, will also be available to return up to and including April 4th. This extension of time does not apply to the London and Gravesend cheap tickets, nor to those between London and Shalford and stations to Wellington College inclusive.

GOOD FRIDAY AND EASTER MONDAY.
EXCURSION TRAINS TO THE SEA-SIDE.—Special Cheap Excursion Trains from London and New Cross to Dover, Folkestone, Shorncliffe, Hythe, Sandgate, Hastings, St. Leonards, Margate, Ramsgate, Canterbury, &c. Also Cheap Return Tickets from country stations to the sea-side stations.—See bills.

SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS for Gravesend, Greenwich, Blackheath, &c.

THURSDAY, MARCH 29.
A Special Fast Train, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class, to Tunbridge Wells, St. Leonards, and Hastings, leaving Charing-cross at 2.30, Cannon-street 2.40, London Bridge 2.43 p.m.

A Special Fast Train, 1st and 2nd Class, to Ashford, Westenhanger, Hythe, Sandgate, Shorncliffe Camp, Folkestone, and Dover, leaving Charing-cross at 2.50 p.m., Cannon-street 3.0, London Bridge 3.3 p.m.

For fares and full particulars see handbills, to be had on application to any of the stations.

HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, AND TUNBRIDGE WELLS BY SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY.

FOLKESTONE, DOVER, HYTHE, AND SANDGATE BY SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY.

RAMSGATE, MARGATE, CANTERBURY, SEVENOAKS, AND MAIDSTONE BY SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY.

See time tables and particulars of arrangements for Easter Holidays.

JOHN SHAW, Manager and Secretary.

LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

EXCURSION ARRANGEMENTS—EASTER HOLIDAYS.

Notice as to EXTENSION OF TIME OF RETURN TICKETS.—See also Handbills and Time-books.

On Good Friday the Trains will run as on Sundays, except the down night mail which will start at 9.0 o'clock as on ordinary week days, with additional trains.

EXCURSIONS at the usual CHEAP EXCURSION FARES.

TO PORTSMOUTH, ISLE OF WIGHT, &c., BY SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

CHEAP EXCURSION for Four Days from London to WINCHESTER, Portsmouth (for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, and Ventnor), Southampton (for Cowes and Newport), Salisbury, &c.—On Saturday, March 31, a SPECIAL TRAIN will leave the WATERLOO STATION at 1.15 p.m., Hammer-smith (The Grove) 12.25 p.m., Kensington 12.40 p.m., West Brompton 12.49, and Chelsea 12.51 p.m.

Fares to the above Stations and Back:—

First Class. Second Class. Third Class.

1st. 7s. 6d. 5s. 0.

The tickets are available to return only on Tuesday, 3rd April.

Cheap One Day Excursion to Portsmouth, Southampton, for the Isle of Wight.

Cheap Fast Excursion from London to Basingstoke, Winchester, Botley, Fareham, Gosport, Portsmouth (for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, and Ventnor), Southampton (for Cowes and Newport), Romsey and Salisbury.

ON EASTER MONDAY, 2nd APRIL,

A Special Train will leave the Waterloo Bridge Station at 7.10 a.m. (from Kensington at 7.0, West Brompton at 7.3, Chelsea 7.5 a.m.), calling at Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, Wimbledon, Surbiton, Weybridge, Woking, Farnham and Basingstoke.

Returning on the same day.

Fares to all the above Stations and back:—

1st. 7s. 6d. 5s. 0.

A Boat leaves Ryde at 5.10 p.m. for Portsmouth in connection with the Return Excursion.

CHEAP SUBURBAN EXCURSIONS from LONDON.

On March 30 and 31, and April 1 and 2, Cheap (2s. 6d.) Return Tickets to WINDSOR will be issued.

On GOOD FRIDAY, EASTER SUNDAY, and MONDAY, Cheap Return (4s. and 3s.) Tickets to VIRGINIA WATER will be issued.

On GOOD FRIDAY and EASTER MONDAY, Cheap (1s. 6d.) Third Class Return Tickets to SURBITON, Hampton Court, Teddington (Bushey Park), Twickenham, and Kingston will be issued. To Richmond and back, 1s. 3d.

Frequent Trains to KEW. Fare there and back, 1s.

Tickets, handbills, and all information can be procured at the West-End Office, 30, Regent-street, Piccadilly Circus.

Handbills, showing the times of the Return Excursion Trains, fares, &c., may be obtained at the City Office, Exeter Buildings, Arthur-street, West; at any of the South-Western Company's Stations or London Receiving Houses; or by post from the office of the Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

ENFIELD STEEPCHASES.

EASTER MONDAY AND TUESDAY, APRIL 2nd and 3rd, 1877.

Trains will run between LIVERPOOL-STREET and ENFIELD every quarter-of-an-hour up to 8.0 p.m.; leaving Liverpool-street at 10, 25, 40, and 55 minutes past each hour, calling at Bishopsgate and the intermediate Stations, and returning from Enfield at 11, 20, 41, and 56 minutes past each hour.

FARES TO ENFIELD AND BACK:

From 1st Class. 2nd Class. 3rd Class.

Liverpool-street..... 2s. 6d. 1s. 10d. 1s. 4d.

Bishopsgate (Low Level)..... 2s. 3d. 1s. 9d. 1s. 3d.

London, March, 1877, S. SWARBRICK, General Manager.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

ENFIELD STEEPCHASES.

EASTER MONDAY AND TUESDAY, 2nd and 3rd APRIL.

RETURN TICKETS TO ENFIELD will be ISSUED from King's-cross, Broad-street, Moorgate-street, Victoria, and intermediate Stations—

FARES TO ENFIELD AND BACK, SAME DAY ONLY.

First. Second. Third.

Broad-street..... 2s. 6d. 1s. 10d. 1s. 4d.

Moorgate-street..... 2s. 6d. 1s. 10d. 1s. 4d.

Aldersgate-street..... 2s. 6d. 1s. 10d. 1s. 4d.

Farringdon-street..... 2s. 6d. 1s. 10d. 1s. 4d.

Victoria (L. C. & D.)..... 3s. 3d. 2s. 5d. 1s. 9d.

Ludgate Hill..... 2s. 6d. 1s. 10d. 1s. 4d.

King's-cross (G. N. R.)..... 2s. 3d. 1s. 8d. 1s. 3d.

Additional Trains will be run to and from ENFIELD, in accordance with the requirements of the traffic. The Great Northern Company's Enfield Station is close to the race-course.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

London, King's Cross Station, March, 1877.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

NORTHAMPTON SPRING RACES.

APRIL 3rd and 4th, 1877.

EXPRESS TRAINS at ordinary Fares will leave EUSTON STATION at 9.0 and 10.10 a.m. for NORTHAMPTON; returning each evening at 5.45 p.m.

On each of the Race Days a CHEAP EXCURSION will also leave EUSTON STATION at 9.15 a.m., Broad-street, 8.40 a.m., Dalston, 8.45 a.m., Mansion House, 8.43 a.m., Victoria (District Railway) 8.55 a.m., Kensington (Addison-road) 9.0 a.m., and Uxbridge-road 9.12 a.m. for NORTHAMPTON. Returning from Northampton on the first evening at 5.45 p.m., and on the second evening at 6.55 p.m.

For fares and full particulars see bills.

GEO. FINDLAY.

Chief Traffic Manager's Office, Easton Station, March, 1877.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

NORTHAMPTON SPRING RACES.

On TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, April 3rd and 4th, 1877, a SPECIAL FAST EXCURSION TRAIN for NORTHAMPTON by the Midland Company's Direct Route via Bedford, will run each day as under:—Victoria (L. C. and D.) 8.5 a.m., Moorgate-street 9.7 a.m., Aldersgate-street 9.9 a.m., Farringdon-street 9.11 a.m., King's Cross (Met.) 9.15 a.m., St. Pancras 9.25 a.m., Camden-road 9.29 a.m., Kentish Town 9.31 a.m. Northampton, arrive about 11.15 a.m.

The Return Train will leave Northampton at 6.0 p.m. each day, and the tickets will be available to return by this train and on the day of issue only.

JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.

Derby, March, 1877.

BOMBAY.—ANCHOR LINE.—Direct

route to India. Fortnightly sailings.—First-class steamers, fitted up expressly for the trade. Qualified surgeons and stewards carried.

From Glasgow. From Liverpool.

INDIA..... Saturday, April 7..... Saturday, April 14.

MACEDONIA..... Saturday, April 14..... Saturday, April 21.

SICILY..... Saturday, April 28..... Saturday, May 5.

First-class, 50 guineas. Sail punctually as advertised. Apply for berths or handbooks to Henderson Brothers, Union-street, Glasgow, and 17, Water-street, Liverpool; J. W. Jones, Chapel-walk, Manchester; Grindlay and Co., 55, Parliament-street, S.W.; and Henderson Brothers 19, Leadenhall-street, E.C.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—

Sole Lessee F. B. CHATTERTON. On Monday and during the week performances will commence at 7.0 with the operetta bouffe of TEN OF 'EM. At 7.30 the Romantic Drama entitled HASKA, to conclude with the popular Irish Drama of THE COLLEEN BAWN.

Prices 6d. to £4.4s. Doors open at 6.20, commence at 7. Box office open from 10 till 5 daily.

ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE.—

Sole Proprietor, B. Webster. Sole Lessee and Manager, F. B. Chatterton. On Monday and during the week the performances will commence at 7.0 with the opening of the Children's Pantomime LITTLE GOODY TWO SHOES, to be followed by the Drama of TRUE TO THE CORE. To conclude with an Entertainment by the Picannini Minstrels.

Prices, 6d. to £3.3s. Doors open at 6.30, commence at 7. Box Office open from 10 till 5 daily.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—

LAST FIVE NIGHTS OF PYGMALION AND GALATEA.

On EASTER MONDAY, at 7.30, Rae's Comedy, FOLLOW THE LEADER. Miss Annie Lafontaine, Miss Irwin, Mr. Herbert.

After which at 8.30, for the last time but four, PYGMALION AND GALATEA. Concluding with BIRDS IN THEIR LITTLE NESTS.

AGREE. On SATURDAY, April 7, will be produced an entirely new and original comedy, by C. M. Rae, Esq., entitled FAME. Characters by Mr. Buckstone, Messrs. Howe, Herbert, Gordon, Kyrle, and Clark. Miss M. Terry, Miss Harrison, Miss M. Harris and Miss Annie Lafontaine.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—SHAKSPEARE'S

KING RICHARD III.

MR. HENRY IRVING as DUKE OF GLOSTER.

MISS BATEMAN as QUEEN MARGARET.

EASTER MONDAY and Every Evening till further notice, at 7.45, KING RICHARD III. Richard Duke of Gloucester, Mr. Henry Irving; Queen Margaret, Miss Bateman; Lady Anne, Miss Isabel Bateman. Scenery by Hawes Craven; Music by R. Stoepel. Preceded at 7.0 by THE LOTTERY TICKET. On Easter Monday there will be a Morning Performance of LEAH, the entire proceeds of which will be devoted to the Hospital Saturday Fund.

GAIETY THEATRE.—

BENEFIT OF

MR. LIONEL BROUGH.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, April 4th, 1877.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

Supported by the following Powerful Cast:—Messrs. Alfred Bishop, W. H. Stephens, W. H. Kendal, H. B. Conway, Lionel Brough, W. J. Hill, E. Righton, Harry Jackson, Shiel Barry, J. Carter, Harry Cox, H. Paulton, J. D. Stoye, George Barrett, G. W. Anson; Mrs. Chippendale, Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Lydia Thompson, Miss Rachel Sanger.

To conclude with

MR. J. L. TOOLE'S BURLESQUE LECTURE.

Tickets may be had at the Gaiety Theatre, the Folly Theatre, at all the Libraries, or of Mr. Lionel Brough, Percy Villa, South Lambeth, S.W.

Doors open at 1.30; commence at Two o'clock.

FOLLY THEATRE.—Proprietor and Manager,

Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.

Miss Lydia Thompson and Company (Augmented) in a new burlesque by Messrs. R. Reece and H. B. Farnie.

SATURDAY, March 31, and every evening at 7.30, the domestic drama, by H. T. Craven, in two acts, THE CHIMNEY CORNER: Mr. Lionel Brough and Company. At 8.45, an entirely new and fanciful extravaganza, entitled OXYGEN; OR, GAS IN BURLESQUE METRE, by Messrs. Reece and Farnie, gorgeously mounted, and supported by Miss Lydia Thompson, Mesdames Ella Chapman, Marie Williams (first appearance), Emily Duncan, Rozie Lowe, Harriet Covey, Merville, Carthew, and Violet Cameron. Messrs. Brough, Edouin, Day, and Nelson. Full Chorus.—Acting-Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and

Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.

Mr. Charles Wyndham and Company in a new Comedy, by James Albery.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, and every Evening, at 7.30, THE PORTER'S KNOT, by the late John Oxenford. Sampson Burr, Mr. John Clarke. At 8.45, THE PINK DOMINOS, by James Albery, a comedy in Three Acts, supported by Charles Wyndham, Standing, Ashley, A. Harris, J. Clarke, Wyatt, Ridley. Mesdames Fanny Josephs, Eastlake, M. Davis, Bruce, and Nelly Bromley. Scenery by Grieve and Son. Furniture and upholstery by Lyons.

Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchins.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Mr. Henry Neville, Sole Lessee.

Production of a new and original nautical drama, by Charles Reade, author of "It is Never Too Late to Mend," "Masks and Faces," &c.

On EASTER MONDAY and following evenings THE SCUTTLER SHIP, by Charles Reade. Miss Pateman, Mrs. Seymour, Misses Agnes Bennett, Lizzie Wilson, Ashley, &c. Messrs. Forbes Robertson, R. Pateman, Avondale, Artaud, Elwood, Raimeond, Warren, Culver, Bauer, Byatt, C. Ashford (of the Theatre Royal, Hull, his first appearance in London), and Mr. Henry Neville. The entirely new scenery and effects by Mr. W. Hann. The drama produced under the personal superintendence of the author. Box-office hours 11 to 5. No booking fees. Prices from 1s. to £3.3s. Doors open at 6.45; commence at 7.15.—Acting Manager, Mr. George Coleman.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Lessees

Messrs. D. James and T. Thorne. ENORMOUS SUCCESS OF OUR BOYS. Every Evening, at 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron. Concluding with A FEARFUL FOG; supported by Messrs. William Farren, David James, C. W. Garthorne, J. P. Bernard, W. Lestock, A. Austin and Thomas Thorne. Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Mr. Hare,

Lessee and Manager.—Every Evening, punctually at Eight o'clock, NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES, written by Tom Taylor and A. W. Dubourg. The principal characters will be acted by Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. Gaston Murray, Mrs. Stephens, Miss Kate Aubrey; Mr. Kelly, Mr. Anson, Mr. Conway, Mr. Cathcart, Mr. Ersser Jones, and Mr. Hare. The new scenery painted by Messrs. Gordon and Harford.—Doors open at 7.30. Box-office hours 11 to 5.—No fees for booking. Acting-Manager, Mr. John Huy.

MISS VIOLA DACRE (late Theatre Royal,

Brighton). Theatre Royal Norwich, February 19th, for Twelve Nights. Specially engaged by H. W. Pitt, Esq., for Tour. All letters addressed to "Holly Mount," West Hill, Wandsworth.

EVANS'S

MUSIC AND SUPPER ROOMS, COVENT GARDEN.

OLD ENGLISH, SCOTCH, IRISH, AND WELSH GLEES, AND CHORUSES.

By EVANS'S CELEBRATED CHOIR OF BOYS (under the direction of Mr. F. JONGHMANS), and the best available Comic Talent.

OPEN AT EIGHT.

Admission, One Shilling. Private Boxes, One Guinea.

A SUPPER ROOM FOR LADIES NOW OPEN.

Proprietor ... J. BARNES-AMOR.

GLOBE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING,

At 8.15 terminating at 10.45, a new drama, "CORA,"

by W. G. Wills and Frank Marshall, in which

MRS. HERMANN VEZIN

will appear, prior to her departure for Australia and America. Characters by Messrs. J. Fernandez, E. Leathers, Beveridge, W. H. Stephens, D. Fisher, jun., Wingrove, Gray, Balfour, &c.; Miss Telbin, and Mrs. Hermann Vezin. At 7.30 THE MAGPIE AND THIMBLE, Misses Telbin, Kosine Power; Messrs. Balfour and W. H. Stephens. Box-office open daily from 11 to 5.—Acting Manager, Mr. W. A. Burt.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.

On Monday, April 2nd, and Every Evening at 7.30, THE DOWAGER. Messrs. H. Cox, Grahame, and W. H. Vernon. Mesdames F. Hughes, F. Brunell, and Ada Swanborough. At 8.20, BABES AND BEETLES. Mr. John S. Clarke, Mr. Vernon, Miss Venné, &c. Conclude with TRIAL BY JURY. Messrs. Cox, Marius, Penley, Farry and George Leitch. Miss Venné, &c. Box-office open daily. No charge for booking.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City-road.—

SOLE PROPRIETOR—MR. GEORGE CONQUEST.

On Easter Monday there will be a Morning Performance at 1.30. In the evening the Entertainments will commence with a New Drama founded on the Legend of the Flying Dutchman, and entitled SHRIFTON, OR, THE ONE-EYED PILOT, and will conclude with the Pantomime of the GRIM GOBLIN. Dancing on the New Platform. The Grounds Brilliantly Illuminated. Grand Fete al Fresco.—Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Roques.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole

Proprietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening, at 6.45, a new romantic drama by E. Manuel, Esq., entitled JEWESS AND CHRISTIAN; or, THE LOVE THAT KILLS. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, J. B. Howe, Rhyods, Bigwood, Lewis, Hyde; Mdles. Adams, Bellair, Mrs. Newham. Followed by LA SONNAMBULA, Burlesque. Mrs. S. Lane, Mr. Fred Foster, Miss Pollie Randall; Messrs. Bigwood, Lewis, Parry; Miss Summers. BLACK GONDOLA. Messrs. Drayton, Reeve, Jackson, Pitt; Mdles. Brewer, Kayner.

TWICE ON EASTER MONDAY AND TUESDAY, AT 3 AND 8.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S

ENTERTAINMENT, TWO FOSTER BROTHERS, by Gilbert A'Beckett, music by A. Cellier. After which, a musical sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled FIVE O'CLOCK TEA, and A NIGHT SURPRISE, by W. Cromer; Music by German Reed. Mrs. German Reed, Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Leonora Braham, Mr. Corney Grain, Mr. A. Law, and Mr. Alfred Reed. Every Evening, except Thursday and Saturday, at 8; morning representations every Thursday and Saturday at 3. Admission, 1s., 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s. Can be secured in advance, without fee.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM-PLACE, OXFORD-CIRCUS.

EGYPTIAN LARGE HALL (England's home

of mystery), Piccadilly.—Messrs. MASKELYNE and COOKE'S novel and original ILLUSORY ENTERTAINMENT, daily at three and eight o'clock. Added to the programme is the wonderful performance of Mr. Charles Woodman upon a variety of Musical Instruments.—Admission 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s. Box-office open all day, where seats can be booked free of charge. Carriages should be ordered for five and ten o'clock.—W. Morton, Manager.

MASKELYNE and COOKE.—NEW

SEANCE TO-DAY at three, and TO-NIGHT at eight. MORE SENSATIONAL THAN EVER. THE SPIRITS SUPERSEDED. MR. COOKE FLOATS in the ROOM. TAKING with him the CABINET in which he is secured. NO SPIRIT MEDIUM can submit to such severe tests as are now applied to Mr. Cooke, and produce any manifestations whatever.

MANCHESTER.

REAL ICE RINK, RUSHOLME.

NOW OPEN.

REAL ICE SKATING RINK,

RUSHOLME.

HOURS—ELEVEN TO ONE, 1s. 6d.; THREE TO FIVE, 2s. 6d.; AND SEVEN-THIRTY TO NINE-THIRTY, 1s. 6d.

Visitors can use their own Skates (which must be rounded at the heel), but Skates will be provided at 3d. per pair.

REAL ICE RINK.

OPEN DAILY.

SOUTH KENSINGTON SKATING

GROUND.

OPEN AND COVERED.

Entrances: ROLAND GARDENS and THISTLE GROVE, OLD BROMPTON-ROAD,

About Five Minutes' walk from Gloucester-road and South Kensington Stations.

Hours 11 to 1, 3 to 6, and 7.30 to 10.30.

Admission, 1s. 6d. Plimpton's Skates, 6d.

Band every Afternoon and Evening.

Musical Director, Mr. Albert Lowe (organist of St. Stephen's, South Kensington).

Special Programme for Easter Monday, April 2—

1. Overture..... "Le Domino Noir"..... Auber.

2. Waltz..... "Faust" (Gounod)..... Coote.

3. Quadrille..... "La Belle Héloé"..... Offenbach.

4. Waltz..... "The Joys of Life"..... Strauss.

5. Russian Dance..... "Pas des Patineurs"..... Godfrey.

6. Galop..... "Express Train"..... Kalkbrenner.

7. Overture..... "Nozze de Figaro"..... Mozart.

8. Waltz..... "Il Bacio"..... Ardit.

9. Lancers..... "Plantation"..... Godfrey.

10. Waltz..... "Sweethearts"..... D'Albert.

11. March..... "Le Prophète"..... Meyerbeer.

12. Galop..... "Champagne"..... Lumbye.

The above will be performed both afternoon and evening.

GENERAL EXHIBITION OF WATER

COLOUR DRAWINGS, DUDLEY GALLERY, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—The THIRTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION will OPEN

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"AUSTERLITZ," WINNER OF THE LIVERPOOL GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE.



SCENE FROM MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT THE "TWO FOSTER BROTHERS."

THE DRAMA.

LAST SATURDAY, March 24, will be memorable not only in aquatic records, through the University Boat Race resulting for the first time in a dead heat, but also in dramatic annals for the large number of theatres, no fewer than nine, at which day performances were simultaneously given in the afternoon, yet this number, far beyond any previous experience, will be exceeded on Monday next (Bank Holiday), when eleven theatres will be opened for morning performances, as detailed below.

With the exception of the Haymarket, Lyceum, Princess's, St. James's, Criterion, the Folly, and Grecian, which since Saturday night suspended their performances for Passion Week, and the Prince of Wales's, which closed on Thursday evening for the final rehearsal of the Easter programme, to be presented this evening (Saturday), the other theatres continued open the first four evenings of the week with their programmes unaltered. The only other events to be recorded being the revival, on Saturday evening, at the Adelphi, of the T. P. Cooke prize drama, *True to the Core*, by Mr. Slous, and the production on the same evening at the National Standard of Mr. Hugh Marston's new drama, *Home Again*. The numerous Easter novelties and changes of programme to be inaugurated to-night, or on Monday, are set forth in detail hereafter.

DRURY LANE.—To make way for the T. P. Cooke prize drama, *True to the Core*, Mr. Boucicault's Irish melodrama of *The Colleen Bawn* was transferred from the Adelphi, on Saturday night, to this house, where it has replaced *The Corsican Brothers*, as a supplement to Mr. Spicer's play of *Haska*. The cast of *Colleen Bawn* in the main is the same as previously given at the Adelphi, the only noteworthy change being the resumption by Mr. Edmund Falconer of his original part of Danny Mann, recently played at the smaller theatre by Mr. Shiel Barry, and in which Mr. Falconer again displayed all the intensity and thrilling power in the delineation of this character, for which he has never been surpassed. The pictures of the scenic and sensational effects throughout this favourite drama derive additional advantage from the larger stage of Drury Lane, and the piece, long familiar though it be, is nightly received with all the fervour of old.

NATIONAL STANDARD.—The success of Miss Louie Moody in *East Lynne*, causing that piece to be retained on the bills longer than originally intended, Mr. Hugh Marston's new drama, *Home Again*, produced here on Saturday night, could only be represented for five nights, as it must give place on Monday next to Miss Kate Santley and her company, who then commence an engagement and appear in opéra-bouffe. *Home Again* is a clever and well-rendered English version of a French play by M. Touroude, produced at the Ambigu, Paris, about three years ago, under the title of *Le Secret de Rochrun*, and although only announced to be represented for five nights, it has been put on the stage by Messrs. Douglass with elaborate care, taste, and expense, with a view doubtless to a revival at no distant date, when we shall enter more fully into an analysis of its merits and plot, which is thoroughly French. At present it will suffice to state that the heroine, Claudine, affords Miss Louie Moody full scope, and which she avails herself of for the display of her cultivated and genuine artistic qualities—both of intensity of power and moving pathos—and she was ably supported by Messrs. Ireland and Redmond in the two leading characters of Count de Rochrun and the old steward Gousse, and by Miss Clair in the small part of her daughter, Marianne.

To-day's morning performances are limited to the Gaiety, where *Artful Cards*, will be represented for the first time at a matinée. The children's pantomime at the Adelphi, Hengler's, German Reed's, Maskelyne and Cooke, and the Moore and Burgess Minstrels.

To-night, several of the Easter novelties will be inaugurated. At the Criterion, Mr. James Albery's new comedy, adapted from the French farical comedy, *Les Dominos Roses*, and originally announced under the title of *Gentle Rebecca*, will be produced under the name of *The Pink Dominos*; to be preceded by the late John Oxenford's domestic drama of *The Porter's Knot*. At the Folly, Messrs. R. Reece and Farnie's new burlesque, *Oxygen*; or, *Gas in Burlesque Metre*, will be brought out with Craven's domestic drama, *The Chimney Corner*, as a *lever du rideau*. The Prince of Wales's Easter offering will be a new domestic sketch by Mr. Saville Rowe, entitled, *The Vicarage*; a *Fireside Story*, in which Mrs. Bancroft will make her re-appearance, after nearly a twelvemonth's enforced absence through illness, and a revival of Boucicault's *London Assurance*. At the Surrey will be revived Moncrieff's old play, *Tom and Jerry*. At the Park, Miss Virginia Blackwood and her company appear in *Little Nelly*, the dramatic version of "The Old Curiosity Shop," which met with such success at the Surrey some time back. *The Shaughraun*, with Mr. J. A. Cave, as Conn, will be produced at the Marylebone. The St. James's, after a week's recess, re-opens with a resumption of *The Danisheffs*; and the Duke's re-opens under the direction of Mr. M. L. Mayer, with a new sensational drama entitled, *The Two Mothers*, supported in the principal characters by Mr. and Mrs. Billington, Miss Meyrick, Mrs. J. F. Young, and Messrs. W. McIntyre, Lin Rayne, &c.

On Easter Monday (Bank Holiday) numerous day performances will be given, outnumbering even those which took place on Saturday last—and will comprise *The Danisheffs* at the St. James's, *New Men and Old Acres* at the Court, Mr. Bernard's new Easter burlesque, *Babes in the Wood*, (first time) at the Gaiety, *Leah*, with Miss Bateman in the title rôle, at the Lyceum, for the benefit of the Hospital Saturday Fund, the Children's Pantomime at the Adelphi, *The Two Mothers* at the Duke's, *Tom and Jerry* at the Surrey, *L'Orphée aux Enfers*, by Kate Santley and her company, at the National Standard, *The Shaughraun*, with Mr. J. A. Cave as Conn, at the Marylebone, the pantomime *Grim Goblin* at the Grecian, and the French Equestrians at Hengler's. Mr. E. Terry and an efficient comedy company will appear at the Aquarium Theatre.

On Monday night *The Scuttled Ship*, Mr. Charles Reade's new version of his drama of *Foul Play*, will be produced at the Olympic; Mr. Joseph Jefferson reappears at the Princess's in *Rip Van Winkle*; Mr. Charles Mathews commences an engagement at the Opera Comique, where he appears in *My Awful Dad*; Miss Kate Santley and her opéra-bouffe company, from the Royalty, appear at the National Standard in *Orphée aux Enfers*; a new drama, founded on the legend of the Flying Dutchman, and entitled *Shrifton*; or, *the one-eyed Pilot*, will be produced at the Grecian; and the Lyceum and Haymarket re-open, after a week's recess, with a resumption of their previous programmes; *Richard III.* at the former, and at the latter, *Follow the Leader*, *Pygmalion and Galatea*, and *Birds in their Little Nests Agree*, but only for five nights, as next Saturday Mr. Rae's new comedy *Fame* is to be produced.

No change takes place for Easter at the other theatres, where the current programmes will be continued. *Haska* and *The Colleen Bawn*, but only for a few nights longer, as the season shortly closes, at Drury Lane; *True to the Core*, brought out on Saturday last, and the children's pantomime at the Adelphi; *The Danisheffs* and *The Dowager* at the St. James's; Mr. John Clarke, in *Babes and Beetles*, and *Trial by Jury* at the Strand; *Cora* at the Globe; *Our Boys* at the Vaudeville; *New*

Men and Old Acres at the Court; *Great Expectations* at the Aquarium Theatre; and *Fledermaus* at the Alhambra.

The Messrs. Sanger will open the National Amphitheatre (Astley's) for three nights only, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday with a variety of equestrian and acrobatic performances, for the Easter holidays.

Easter entertainments will also be presented at the Polytechnic and Crystal Palace. At the former the novelty written by a gentleman adopting the *nom de plume* of Tifkins Thudd, and entitled *Whyttington and his Cattle* will be produced this evening, and at the latter a grand Fairy Extravaganza entitled *The Golden Butterfly*, and in which Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. W. Edouin, and other members of Mr. Henderson's company will appear, is to be brought out on Monday under the direction of Mr. Charles Wyndham.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

Mr. A. R. SLOUS's drama *True to the Core*, which obtained the first and only prize awarded under the bequest of the late T. P. Cooke for the best nautical drama, was revived here on Saturday night with a success more signal than even that which attended its original production some ten years ago at the Surrey, and its transference subsequently to the stage of the Princess's. Its stirring and exciting incidents following each other in rapid succession, the patriotic element, always so welcome to English audiences, that pervades it, and the interest of its homely domestic story would always ensure a favorable reception for this drama, which is essentially suited to an Adelphi audience, and has found its most appropriate home. The story of *True to the Core* is a mixture of political plotting on the part of some high-born English traitors, headed by a Jesuit priest, Geoffrey Dangerfield, assuming the garb of a merchant, who are in league with, and aiding the intended invasion of England by, the Spaniards, and the trials and dangers undergone, through the machinations of these traitors, of a sturdy, simple-hearted, and patriotic Plymouth pilot, Martin Truegold, and his devoted and newly-married young wife, Mabel. On the very day of his wedding Martin Truegold, being dragged by Dangerfield and his co-traitors, is carried off, with his bride Mabel and servant, a Gipsy girl, Marah, and conveyed on board La Santa Fé, the leading ship of the Spanish Armada, lying off the coast of Devonshire, and requiring the services of an experienced pilot to steer them safely into Plymouth Harbour. Recovering from his stupor, Martin, under threats of his young bride being thrown into the sea, reluctantly consents to act as pilot, having first, however, been sworn never to reveal the treachery of his traitor countrymen. Instead of steering safely into Plymouth, Martin directs the course of the ship right on to the Eddystone Rock, where she is completely wrecked. Martin, his wife, Marah, Dangerfield, and his co-traitors alone escaping by taking refuge on the rock, whence, however, they are rescued by the boats of a passing ship, just as the tide was rising above the level of the rock. On his return to Plymouth Martin is accused of high treason, for acting as pilot to the enemy's ship, and on the evidence of Dangerfield and his party is condemned to death. For rather than violate the oath he had taken, Martin remains silent, and offers no defence. Through the energy and devotedness of the gipsy, Marah, who is fervently attached to her master, in following the instructions of the disguised pedler, Wallett, the innocence of Martin is made clear, and the guilt brought home to the traitors, who are sent to punishment, while Martin Truegold is set free, and knighted by Queen Elizabeth herself. The leading characters are excellently represented, Mr. Emery has a rôle exactly suited to him in the hero, Martin Truegold, whom he personates with appropriate cheeriness and manly bluffness, redolent of the good-hearted Plymouth salt, mingled with occasional touches of tenderness and genuine pathos; Richard Cranmer, disguised as the pedler Wallett, and the Jesuit Dangerfield, both of whom are so actively mixed up in the progress of the story, find admirable and intelligent exponents in Messrs. Sinclair and Shore, and another impersonation, though a small part, conspicuous for its artistic rendering was that of the jailor, Shackle. The numerous historical male personages crowding the cast were adequately represented. Miss Rachel Sanger was refined, womanly, and when required, as on board the Spanish ship and on the rock in the third act, tender and quietly pathetic as the devoted Mabel, and Miss Edith Stuart has never been seen to such advantage as in her picturesque and melodramatically effective impersonation of the gipsy Marah. The drama is mounted with scenic accessories of great artistic beauty and effectiveness, worthy of the very best days of pictorial excellence and scenic effects for which the Adelphi has long been renowned. The five scenes in which the action is carried on are unsurpassed examples of artistic and beautiful stage pictures, elaborately constructed as well. The opening scene, the Old Inn on the summit of Plymouth Hoe, is most charming in picturesque composition and colour; while the Main Deck of the Spanish galleon is equally meritorious from its elaborate construction and realism of representation. A third exquisite scene is that of the lone Eddystone Rock, with the ruddy rays of the setting sun throwing a lurid glare upon the picturesque group who have taken refuge on the surface, and despairingly watching the gradual rising of the tide to engulf them; and the two views of the Ramparts of old Plymouth Castle and the Courtyard of Plymouth Citadel, in the last act, are also remarkable specimens of Mr. E. Lloyd's artistic skill in scenic representation. The drama is preceded by the opening of the children's pantomime *Goody Two Shoes*.

HENGLER'S CIRQUE.

MR. CHARLES HENGLER and his clever company having taken their departure for the provinces, the Grand Cirque in Argyle-street is now occupied by a troupe of French equestrians, gymnasts, and acrobats, under the direction of Mons. Antoine Plé, the well-known Continental circus manager. With a well-trained stud, expert, daring, and graceful equestrians (male and female), and the humorous drollery, activity, and clever feats of several really comic clowns, lithe tumblers, and skilful equilibrists, M. Plé provides a very amusing entertainment, not only up to the usual level of circus performances, but in several items, of unsurpassed excellence, and with the further merit of a nightly change of programme. Daring feats of horsemanship are performed with great skill and dexterity by Mons. J. Ditter, Mons. Fernandez (the great French rider), Master Pierre Larible, and Mons. Achille Burthors (the last-named and his brother carrying off the palm, and gaining tumultuous applause for their astonishing and startlingly clever acts on two bare-backed horses). Madame Loyal and Mdlle. Euphrasia Ditter prove themselves accomplished equestriennes in their respective feats, jumping over ribbons, through hoops, &c., from the backs of their steeds while in full career round the ring; but for grace and finished elegance they are surpassed by Madame Frances, who on horseback, by the aid of a scarlet Spanish mantilla, presents a series of most picturesque pictures. Mdlle. Plé, her natty little figure encased in a semi-military costume, exhibits the docility of her highly-trained horse, Harlequin. Mons. Plé, mounted on the equally well-tutored horse, Railway, proved his skill in what is termed *Le Haut Ecole*, and Master Plé, a little dot of not more than four or five years of age, throws the juveniles of the audience into ecstasies of delight by his equestrian performance as a sailor. A series of intricate military manoeuvres executed by four cavaliers and their ladies, all in picturesque Greek costumes, form a prominent feature of the

equestrian portion of the programme. Of the other parts of the entertainments, the most novel and noteworthy are the remarkable balancing feats performed by the "Irrepressible" Lacombe, with chairs, of which he forms a pyramid, reaching nearly up to the chandelier, and stands on the apex on one leg with the utmost sang froid, though seemingly in a most perilous position; the skilful feats of the clown equilibrist, M. Justin Loyal, who manipulates cup, balls, &c., with singular dexterity, excelling, however, in spinning, coins, rings, and balls on the surface of an open Japanese umbrella, or sunshade; the contortions by Master Jacquemin, styled "the man serpent," from his vertebrae having all the flexibility of that reptile; and the drawing entertainment, under the direction of the nimble Arab tumbler, Ali-Ben-Mohamed. Morning performances by this French troupe will be given each day next week, as well as in the evening.

Mrs. John Wood and the St. James's company appear in the *The Danisheffs* at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, this afternoon.

Mr. Lionel Brough, the deservedly popular comedian of the Folly Theatre, takes a benefit at the Gaiety on the afternoon of Wednesday next, the 4th April, when he will appear in perhaps the most artistically finished assumptions, that of Tony Lumpkin, in Goldsmith's comedy *She Stoops to Conquer*—the cast of the other characters being of unprecedented excellence—including Mr. Kendal, Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. Chippendale, Miss Lydia Thompson, Miss Rachel Sanger, and Messrs. A. Bishop, W. H. Stephens, E. Righton, W. J. Hill, Shiel Barry, H. Cox, H. Jackson, Stoyke, G. W. Anson, &c.; Mr. Toole will also lend his aid in his burlesque lecture and imitations.

Mr. W. H. Vernon also announces his benefit (the first this old Strand favourite has ventured upon) to take place at the Strand on Saturday afternoon next, when, in addition to other attractions, a new play, by Sidney Grundy, Esq., adapted from Octave Feuillet's comedy, *Montjoie*, will be produced, under the title of *Mammon*; and Miss Ada Swanborough and Mr. J. S. Clarke will appear in *The Rough Diamond*.

THE GRANVILLE.—A very full audience attended the Granville Concert Hall on Saturday evening, attracted by the programme provided by Mr. E. Campbell, to whom the proprietor of the Granville Hotel, at St. Lawrence on the Sea, has now delegated the direction of the weekly entertainments given at that welcome adjunct to his magnificent establishment. The entertainment opened with Maddison Morton's well-known farce *Box and Cox*, very satisfactorily performed by Mr. E. Campbell as John Box, Mr. A. M. Denison (from the Court Theatre, by permission of Mr. Hare) as James Cox, and Miss Bailey as the double-working landlady, Mrs. Bouncer. The farce, which went very smoothly and received hearty applause, was followed by a fantasia on popular airs, executed by Mr. J. Kitt, on the conclusion of which the lion of the evening appeared in the person of E. W. Mackney, the celebrated Ethiopian Serenader, who sung several of his popular songs with all his usual spirit and comic power, including the topical song, "The Whole Hog or None," the burlesque paraphrase, "Mary Jane," "The Farm Yard," with ludicrous violin effects, and the parody, "One Night while Wandering," accompanying himself, in the latter, on the piano. In all these Mr. Mackney afforded much amusement, and evoked shouts of laughter, but still more by his humorous rendering of his popular musical extravaganza, "The Nigger Genius," which gained him quite an ovation. To-night Mr. Fleming Norton is engaged to give his characteristic entertainment.

Mr. Henry Compton, 12, Stanford-road, Kensington, W., writes to us:—"Will you afford me space for a few lines to express my sincere thanks and deep gratitude to the public for their support, to the profession for their valuable services, and to the Press for their hearty co-operation in bringing about so eminently successful a termination to my benefit of March 1?"

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE RACQUET MATCHES.

THE double-handed match between the two Universities was played on Tuesday in the usual court at Prince's Club, Hans-Place, Sloane-square. The representatives of Oxford were Messrs. A. J. Webbe, of Trinity College, the celebrated amateur cricketer, and H. J. Hollings, of New College; while Cambridge entrusted her fortunes to the Hon. A. Lyttelton and Mr. E. P. Bouverie, both of whom hail from Trinity College. The rubber was, as usual, the best of seven games. It was soon evident that the game would be in favour of Cambridge, as the two Cantabs were well matched, while Webbe had to do most of the work for Oxford. Lyttelton was put out without a point in his first hand, and Hollings was equally unsuccessful for Oxford. Webbe, by some very excellent service, got two aces in his first hand, at which there was some applause. For some little time the scoring was rather slow, the Cantabs getting an ace occasionally through the weakness of the second Oxonian. The first run of note was by Bouverie, who served four consecutive aces, and made the score 9-2. The Dark Blues added three points during their next hands, and each of the Cantabs one. Oxford were put out without a score, and from eleven Lyttelton, with four aces, won the first game for Cambridge at 15 to 5. The second game was more even, as the score was seven all, Hollings and Bouverie serving well at this period. Oxford went in front and reached 11 to 7, but Bouverie again served effectively, and he pulled Cambridge from 9-11 to 13-11 by a series of four aces. Webbe then got a point for Oxford, and there seemed every prospect of a sett; but Cambridge again got in, and Lyttelton won the second game for Cambridge at 15 to 12. Oxford took the lead at the commencement of the third game, but Lyttelton's service brought the score to 7 all, and then to 9-7. After a single from Bouverie, Oxford were both put out without scoring, and Lyttelton scoring five aces in succession, again gave Cambridge the game, this time at 15 to 7. There seemed every chance of Cambridge getting the four games off the reel, but the fourth was stubbornly contested, Hollings playing in better form than he had previously done; 4 all was followed by 7 all, while Cambridge next got to 10-7. Excellent service by Webbe gave Oxford four aces, and the game was called 11-10. Two aces by Lyttelton put Cambridge in front, but Hollings added two, and another by Webbe made Oxford 14 (game ball) to 12. The point wanted by Oxford was not got, and Lyttelton brought Cambridge to "game ball all," necessitating a sett of three. Both Cantabs were dismissed without a point, and then Hollings, amidst great applause, landed three aces and gave Oxford the fourth game by sett three to none. Lyttelton served with great effect in the fifth game, making a splendid run of 11 aces the first hand he had. Oxford made 5, and Lyttelton's second hand was unproductive, but Bouverie got the 3 aces required by Cambridge, winning the fifth game at 15-5, and landing the rubber by 4 games to 1. Messrs. C. F. Buller and C. E. Parker were umpires.

On Wednesday afternoon the single-handed match took place. The Dark Blue champion was Mr. A. J. Webbe, while Cambridge was represented by the Hon. A. Lyttelton. The rubber was the best of five games. Oxford won a finely-contested match after an hour and seven minutes' play, by three games to two.

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical Testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES. One lozenge alone gives relief, one or two at bedtime ensures rest. Sold by all Chemists, in boxes, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. They contain no opium or preparation thereof.—[ADVT.]

TAFFY'S TRIP TO TOWN.

The Battle of the Blues from a Cambrian Point of Hue.

I was a true-born Taffy, put bred up in Liferpool, Which was the capital of Wales, for it's a reg'lar rule For Camprians to leaf their natif hills and settle down Pesite the Mersey rifer in that money-making town.

When I heard of the boat-race, which was pe a nople sight, I thought for my compatriots to stick up it was right, So I was pack up Campridge, which as efry one can see, Terifes its name from Campria, our Principallitee.

I tonned a yachting suit, its tint a light cerulean hue, My necktie and my hatpant, they was poth a sweet sky-plue. And as I was have light-plue eyes as well—they know no green—I was the lightest-pluest Welsher nefer yet was seen.

I pought a third-class ticket by a late excursion train— You was not catch this Welsher do that foolish thing again; We started pretty punctually, as trains was sometimes do, The engine—happy augury!—it's whistle *lightly* plew.

The horrors of that journey even now my senses shocks, For we was packed like herrings or like matches in a box; It was the fery treariest and teriple of runs— Enough, I tried at Rugby pitter peer and penny puns!

A party in the train was say the journey he'd peguile, And from his pocket took three carts, and, with a simple smile, Proceeded to manipulate them in a pretty way, And asked me if a little game with him I'd like to play.

I said I'd no objections, just to pass away an hour; He showed to me a coloured cart, and said if I'd the power To pick it out among the three when he had laid them down. He was pe glad to hant to me the sum of half a crown.

He deftly spread his spotted hantkerchief across his knees, And mixed the three cards playfully put I picked out with ease The cart required—I well remember that it was the knave— And then for all my clefemness the cash to me he gave.

He let me win a lot of times, till I'd was get three points And then intuced me just to pet upon the final rounds, He won his money pack, and also seferal points of mine— Oh, I was nefer not no more play carts upon the line!

He said as how the luck was turned—the next time that we stopt He gave to me a smiling wink and from the train he dropt; He nefer was come pack no more—my pocket he was pick it, Containing balance of my cash, my watch, and railway ticket.

So to tescripe the boat-race and the pattle of the Blues, Altho' I was a Crampian part, my pen it was refuse; The fact was pe, poor Taffy! at the race he was *not* there, The train was late, the son of Campria nefer was got there!

As I was have no ticket I was hauled before the peak Who sent me off to Coldpath Fields to spend a treary week, Upon the treadful treadmill I was do a reglar turn, And in the fire proke out that night this Taff was nearly burn.

When I emerge a sadder, wiser, and a poorer man, To get pack home to Liferpool I don't see how I can; I've lost my time, and ticker, trouble, temper, ticket, train, You was not nefer catch me to the boat-race went again!

Cold Bath Fields, March 26th, 1877.

MISS KATE PATTISON.

"WHAT the stage most needs to-day," writes one who speaks with authority, "is the advent upon it of a few more educated honest highly gifted women—accomplished, well-bred, liberal minded—who would give tone and compel respect." And certainly all who really love the drama, and wish to see the stage in its true position as an educating and refining influence in our midst, will welcome the new recruit who made her formal debut on the 26th at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, on the occasion of the Compton benefit, for she undoubtedly possesses the finish of an artiste, and the graces of an English gentlewoman. Miss Kate Pattison, though new to the dramatic world, is not unknown in literary circles, having for some time been associated with Miss Emily Faithfull in the conduct of the *Victoria Magazine*. Three years since she travelled with that lady through the United States, and shared in the brilliant receptions accorded to Miss Faithfull in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Washington, &c., and secured by the winning graces of her mind and manners the friendship of many whose names are as "household words" on both sides of the Atlantic.

On her return to England she took part in a series of dramatic performances, organised for charitable purposes at St. George's Hall, the Egyptian Hall, and in some of our leading provincial cities. She displayed a natural aptitude for the stage rarely to be found in amateurs, more than one manager offered her an engagement, and the press unanimously predicted a certain success should she care to adopt the dramatic profession. But with the diffidence which ever accompanies genuine talent she hesitated until various successes in amateur theatricals gave her courage to follow advice which certainly involves "laborious days and anxious nights." For though "acting" may seem an easy art to those who only view it in front of the footlights, those behind the scenes know full well that there is no work more exacting than that required in this profession. A recognised place cannot be won or maintained without severe study, long and loving labour, and an enthusiastic self-devotion, which no trials can damp or repress. The conscientious *artiste* feels that she can only achieve distinction by putting all her energies and her whole soul into her work. All art—dramatic art mote especially—has its disappointments, its sacrifices, its hopes and fears, and its failures, and though a well-educated woman may have much natural mimetic ability, it requires long training and much practice before it can be displayed with perfect ease and finish. On the principle that it is better to walk before you try to run, instead of indulging in a more ambitious flight, Miss Pattison elected with singular good taste and judgment to make her first appearance on the regular boards in the part originally played by Mrs. Stirling in the amusing comedieta *To Oblige Benson*, translated by Tom Taylor from the French. The result was eminently satisfactory. To appear before the audience which crowded the Theatre Royal on the 26th to give practical proof of the heartfelt sympathy entertained for a veteran actor must indeed have been somewhat appalling to a debutante. Pit, dress circle, and upper boxes had been converted into guinea stalls. The results reached a sum unprecedented in the records of provincial theatres, while the tout ensemble of the brilliant house reminded one of a full night at the Italian Opera. But Miss Kate Pattison was equal to the occasion, and her grace, appearance, pleasant voice, refined intonation, and easy yet earnest style of acting gave decided promise of future triumphs still more marked than the one achieved on this ever to be remembered night in the annals of Manchester theatricals.

The portrait we publish is from a photograph by Miss M. Downing.

CURES OF COUGHS, COLDS, AND THROAT AFFECTIONS BY DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—From Mr. Lea, Druggist, Ellesmere:—"I would recommend you to give more publicity to your Wafers: it is astonishing what good effects are resulting from them." Sold by all druggists at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. per box.—[ADVT.]

MUSIC.

(All Music sent for review will be noticed within one month after its arrival.)

SINCE the Joachim Festival at Cambridge, and the production of Brahms's C minor Symphony, there have been no musical events of sufficient importance to claim special notice. Next week, the musical season will set in with its usual severity, and the opening performance of the Royal Italian Opera Company, on Tuesday next, will usher in a long train of musical entertainments, which will probably make the season a memorable one. We last week gave a detailed notice of Mr. Gye's arrangements, and shall probably be able next week to give an account of Mr. Mapleson's plans. From the statement made in the House of Commons by Sir J. Hogg, it appears that as the proposed Opera House on the Embankment has not been roofed within the stipulated time, the premises are likely to be claimed by the Board of Works; and Mr. Mapleson will probably have little cause to regret such a preceding if he can establish himself permanently at Her Majesty's Opera house in the Haymarket, which is a far better position than that on the Embankment. His vitality and "pluck" are wonderful, and few people can refuse their sympathy to a manager who has so energetically combated a series of obstacles enough to daunt the stoutest heart. What will be done about scenery it is hard to say, but it seems impossible that sufficient new scenery can be painted in five weeks. Before the new Covent Garden Theatre was opened for opera three of our greatest scene painters, with armies of assistants, were incessantly occupied during four months in preparing new scenery. Mr. Mapleson is, however, fertile in resources, and he may be sure that generous allowance will be made for unavoidable shortcomings.

The Wagner Festival, to be given at the Albert Hall in the second and third weeks of May, attracts universal attention, and tickets are already in large demand. It is announced that the orchestra will comprise more than 200 instrumentalists, and as the managers of the two Italian Opera companies are not likely to aid a rival enterprise, it seems difficult to guess the sources from whence 200 orchestral players of competent ability will be obtained. The Crystal Palace band will no doubt form a nucleus, but they will furnish less than a fourth of the number required; and some of our amateur societies will probably be utilised. The programmes of the six concerts are skilfully composed, so that the later works of Wagner are presented in combination with selections from *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and other well-known works, after the manner—familiar to us in our infancy—in which the horrible "grey powders" were mingled with jam. But what becomes of the later Wagnerian theories? We were told that the *The Flying Dutchman* and *Tannhäuser* were repugnant to the modern Wagnerites, and were repudiated by Wagner as faultily conceived and constructed works, unworthy to be classed with the "Music of the Future," as exemplified in the opera-dramas performed at Bayreuth. We were also told that it was unjust to Wagner to perform selections from his later works in a concert-room, that they were indissolubly wedded to the stage, and could not be comprehended unless presented with "scenery, dresses, and decorations." The concessions and compromises implied in the ensuing performances at the Albert Hall may have been rendered necessary by that "want of pence that vexeth public men," but it is startling to find the prophet of a new faith a ready backslider from principles declared to be immutable.

Anton Rubinstein's London campaign will commence only a little before the Wagner Festival, and if he should, in the face of so potent an attraction, obtain an equal success to that which he made last season, he will be quite as much a "lion" as Richard Wagner himself—especially if his opera *Nero* be performed at the Royal Italian Opera, and it is highly probable that such will be the case. His detached vocal compositions are more remarkable for eccentricity than melody, but he may probably be better fitted to shine in the expanse of opera, and as there can be no doubt of his possessing a fine musical organisation, his new lyric work will be awaited with interest, and will meet with a considerate reception.

The Saturday and Monday Popular Concerts have come to a close, after a brilliantly successful season.

The Philharmonic Society has this season shown unusual vigour, and we are glad to learn that the directors intend to form a special Philharmonic Choir, for the performance of such choral music as may from time to time be included in their programmes.

The New Philharmonic Society's prospectus shows that the directors have lost nothing of their usual energy. A number of new works are promised, the band has been strengthened, and Dr. Wylde and Mr. Ganz will divide the direction of the performances.

The Sacred Harmonic Society last week gave a fine performance of Hadyn's *Seasons*—his last great work. The sopranos were more efficient than hitherto this season, the choruses were well sung, and the solos were admirably executed by Madame Blanche Cole (her first appearance at Exeter Hall), Mr. Cummings, and Signor Foli. We must object, however, to Signor Foli's pronunciation when he gives us "tremendous" instead of "tremendous."

Mr. George A. Osborne, the well-known pianist and composer, has just completed a three-act opera on an English subject, the libretto by Dr. Waller, author of "The Eve of St. John" and many other successful lyric works.

The "royalty" system has often been condemned, but publishers find it of little use to print new songs unless they can arrange for their being sung in public; and a remarkable illustration of the system recently occurred. A song, written by a well-known poetical dramatist, and set to music by one of our most popular English composers, was published by a great firm in Bond-street on the royalty system—so many pence per copy to the composer—and the sale was but moderately good. A royalty for five years was then given to a popular vocalist, who sang the song frequently in public, and the sale became immense. The publishers bought the composer's rights for £525, and after paying the vocalist over £300 for his first year's royalties, subsequently paid him £700 for his rights over the song during the four years to come.

MISS ELEANOR BUFTON commences a provincial tour on April 2nd at Cambridge.

Mr. J. W. STENNING, of Russell Street, Covent Garden, has issued cheaply a pair of handsome and really excellent prints after Ansdell, R.A., entitled *English and Scotch gamekeepers*.

WITH regret we chronicle the death of a well-known actress, Miss Augusta Thomson. This lady was born in 1842, and received her professional training at the Conservatoire de Musique. She made her first appearance at Drury Lane Theatre in 1865 as Sabina in *Comus*, and her last engagement was at the Standard Theatre.

WE recently visited the South Kensington Skating Rink, and found upwards of six hundred fashionably-attired visitors enjoying themselves on wheels to the music of a first-class band, under the able leadership of Mr. Lowe. We were informed by the manager (Mr. Craik) that the average number of visitors on the Saturday afternoon was not less than eight hundred.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. N. (Brighton).—We can recommend Wormald's Chess Openings. The only treatise upon "odds" with which we are acquainted, is that by Staunton, incorporated in the "Chess Players' Companion," published many years ago by Bohn.

R. T. K. (Hammersmith).—We claim the privilege of noting the games ourselves. Chess players are rather inapt to perceive defects either in their own, or their adversaries' play.

J. B. (Boxford).—The problems shall have our best attention.

G. E. A. (Wimbledon).—As a rule we cannot undertake to return rejected problems, but as yours were not destroyed, they have been forwarded to you through the post.

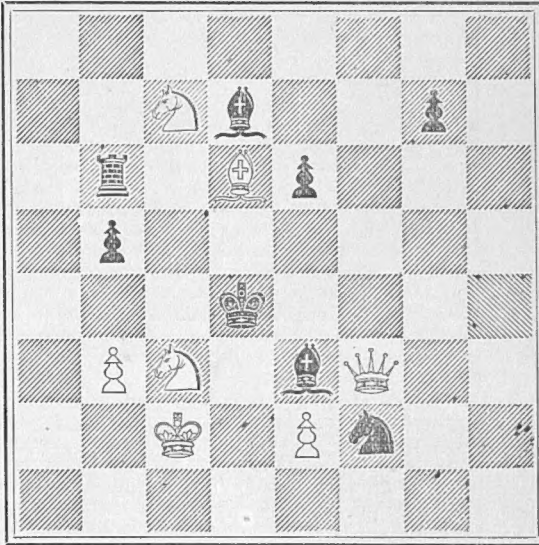
BUMBLE (Sheffield).—Thanks for the "second attempt." You shall have a report upon it in our next.

H. N. W. (Harrow).—It is under consideration.

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 136 received from G. E. Webster, J. V., G. E. A., J. B., R. T. K., Pepper's Ghost, J. Wontone, H. Wilson, Ophelia, and Queen of Connaught.

PROBLEM NO. 138.
By D. W. CLARK, of Siberia.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

The following ably-contested game has a special interest attached to it, as being one of the last of the serious encounters in which Mr. Wisker took part, previous to his departure for Australia.

[Two Knights' Opening.]

WHITE. (Mr. Minchin.)	BLACK. (Mr. Wisker.)	WHITE. (Mr. Minchin.)	BLACK. (Mr. Wisker.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	31. P to B 4	Kt to Q 5
2. Kt to Q B 3	Kt to Q B 3	32. P to B 5	P to Kt 6
3. Kt to B 3	P to Kt 3	33. Kt to Kt 6	Kt to B 7
4. B to B 4 (a)	B to Kt 2	34. Q R to K 2	K R to R 3
5. P to Q 3	K Kt to K 2	35. Kt to B 4	R to R 8
6. B to K 3	P to Q 3	36. Kt to Q 2	Kt to K 8 (ch)
7. Q to Q 2	P to Q 3	37. Kt to R 2	Kt takes P
8. P to Q R 4	Q R to Kt sq	38. Kt takes P	Kt takes P
9. B to K R 6	Castles	39. Kt takes R	Kt takes P (ch)
10. P to K R 4	B to K Kt 5	40. K to Kt 3	P takes P
11. Kt to K R 2	Q to B sq	41. P takes P	R takes Kt
12. Kt takes B (b)	Q takes Kt	42. K takes Kt	R to Q 8
13. P to B 3	Q to K 6 (ch)	43. K to B 4	R to Q 5 (ch)
14. K to B sq	Kt to Q 5	44. R to K 4	R to Q 7
15. R to K R 3	B takes B	45. P to Kt 4	P takes P (d)
16. Q takes B	Q to B 5	46. R takes P	K to B 3
17. Q takes Q	P takes Q	47. R to Kt 6	R to Q 4
18. K to B sq	P to Q Kt 4	48. K to K 4	R to K 4 (ch)
19. P takes P	P takes P	49. K to Q 4	K takes P
20. B to Kt 3	K to Kt 2	50. R takes P	R to K 5 (ch)
21. Kt to K 2	Kt takes B	51. K to Q 3	R takes P
22. P takes Kt	P to Q B 4	52. R to Q 5 (ch)	K to Kt 3
23. Kt takes P	R to R sq	53. K to K 3	P to B 4
24. P to K Kt 4	R to R 7	54. K to B 3	K to Kt 4
25. R to R 2	Kt to B 3	55. R to Q 8	R to R 6 (ch)
26. R to K B 2	K R to Q R sq	56. K to Kt 2	R to Q R 6
27. K to Kt 2	P to K 5	57. R to Kt 8 (ch)	K to B 5
28. R to K sq	P to R 3	58. R to Kt 6	P to R 4
29. R to K 3 (c)	Kt to Q 5	59. K to R 2	P to R 4
30. Kt to Q 5	Kt tks P at Kt 6	60. R to Kt 7	R to K Kt 6 (e)

and after a dozen more moves the game was drawn.

(a) Better, we think, than the usual move, P to Q 4, which opens a path for the adverse B from his position at K Kt 2nd.

(b) P to K B 3, followed by the advance of the pawns on that side of the board, would have given White a very strong attack.

(c) This imprisonment of the R seems to be altogether unnecessary.

(d) Obviously an oversight. P to Q 4 would have won easily.

THE UNIVERSITY CHESS MATCH.

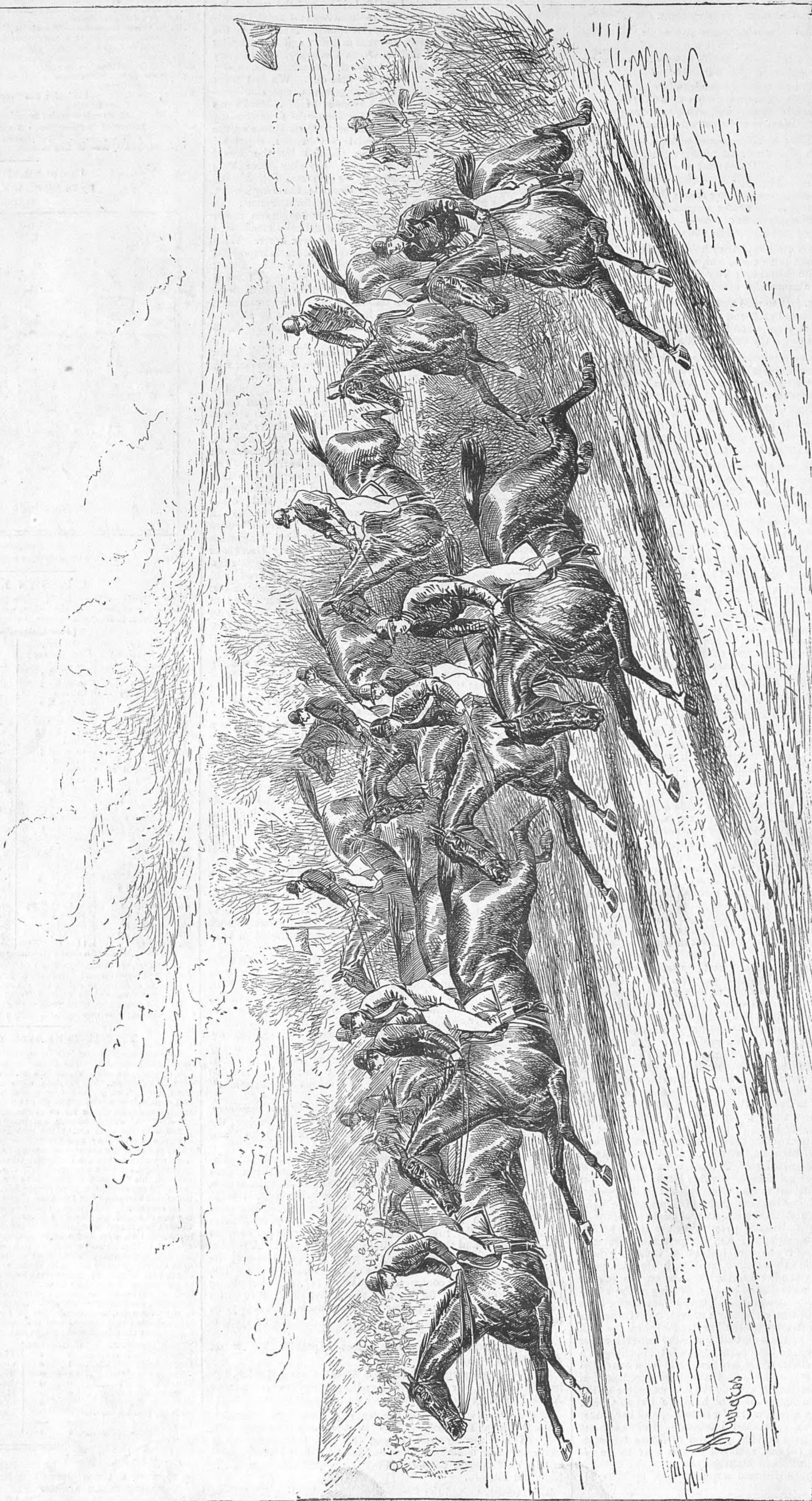
As announced in our last issue, which was at press when the event had yet to name the winner, the Fifth University Chess Match was played on the Thursday last week, at the St. George's Chess Club, Palace Chambers, King-street, St. James's, each side being represented by seven champions. The players were paired according to their reputed force, and each pair was required to play two games, under a time limit clause of one hour to each player for every twenty moves. The latter condition was not strictly observed however, a majority of the pairs having agreed to dispense with the time limit; the match was consequently a conspicuous example of slow play, and throughout appeared to exercise a depressing effect upon the few persons assembled to witness it. It is indisputable that the public interest in the University Chess match has been getting small by something more than degrees during the last two years, and that the chief cause of this "effect defective," is to be found in the uncertainty that has prevailed regarding the place of meeting. In the years 1873, 1874 and 1875, the match was played at the City Chess Club, and it attracted the entire chess community of London on each occasion. In 1876 the place for meeting was changed, no one ever knew why or wherefore, to the West End Chess Club, then a brand new association, whose locale was known to very few beyond its own circle of members, and was utterly unknown to the general public. This year, down to a week before the date fixed for the meeting, it was undecided whether the match should be played in London or in Cambridge, and during its actual progress there were a large number of our best English chess players in total ignorance of the final arrangement to play at the St. George's Club. The attendance of spectators, as might be expected in such circumstances, was exceedingly meagre, and the whole affair was conducted after a semi-private fashion. Play commenced at two in the afternoon, and terminated at half-past seven, and the score then taken showed that Oxford had achieved a hollow victory. The following table shows the names of the players and their respective scores:—

CAMBRIDGE.	Won.	Drawn.	OXFORD.	Won.	Drawn.
Keynes (Pembroke) ...	0	1	Plunkett (University)...	1	1
Ball (Trinity).....	1	0	Grundy (Worcester) ...	1	0
Gunston (St. John's) ...	1	0	Tracey (Lincoln).....	1	0
Chatto (Trinity).....	0	0	Brook (Trinity).....	1	0
Stocker (King's).....	0	0	Gattie (Ch. Ch.).....	1	0
Nicholson (Trinity)....	0	0	Wright (Queen's).....	1	0
Kearney (St. Cath.) ...	0	0	Latham (Exeter).....	2	0
Total Score ...	2	1	Total Score ...	8	1

ON April 9th and 10th an amateur performance will be given by members of the Brighton Fire Brigade in the Town Hall.

A FASHIONABLE amateur performance, of which report promises favourably, is to come off at Tunbridge on the 6th of April.

THE National Event Art Union has taken steps to secure really fine engravings from incidents of current interest, which they are prepared to issue at a very low price to the holders of coupons, such as are obtainable by our subscribers of the present week.



THE LIVERPOOL GRAND NATIONAL STEEPCCHASE.—THE FIRST FENCE.



THE BATTLE OF THE BOATS AT CHISWICK.

AQUATICS, ATHLETICS, &c.

THE struggle of Saturday last stands unrivalled and wholly unique in the annals of University aquatics, and to make a long story short and not to weary my readers with the reproduction and reiteration of what has teemed in the daily Press during the past three weeks, *i.e.* ever since the exodus of the rival blues from their "native" waters and their advent on the Thames, I can only state, never hoping for a moment to do thorough justice to my theme, that the contest was, if not short, sharp and decisive, at least unparalleled for its severity and unprecedented gameness. Saturday morning broke with every portent of elemental gloom, but on the faces of the early wayfarers there was no index correspondent. The great arteries leading to the river side were instinct with life, though perhaps the early hour at which the race was rowed did somewhat militate against the attendance thereon, though what was lacking in quantity was amply atoned for by the quality. Among the many thoughtful regulations and innovations of late years the total foreclosure of Hammersmith Bridge stands perhaps *facile princeps*, as there can be no shadow of doubt that if the Paternal Government had not in its wisdom made this precaution a *sine qua non*, some fearful catastrophe, similar to that one at Yarmouth some years since, would have inevitably have plunged thousands into premature mourning. It is foreign to my purpose to enter into the minutiae; the crowds at Putney, the Bishop of London's grounds at Fulham, the clustering hordes at the boat houses, and *id genus omne*, have been already described by abler pens than mine, and recapitulation would only prove tedious to both scribe and subscriber. I might perhaps state, that in spite of the increased and exorbitant price charged for the privilege (?) of viewing the race from that at all times airy eyrie, Barnes Bridge, that anything but imposing structure was packed with humanity. Every coign of vantage was fairly occupied, but there can be no doubt that the attendance was not equal to what it would have been had the tide served later. Happily there was a marked depreciation in the number of small craft manned by land-lubbers and Yahoos, but the comparative paucity of tubs was in the inverse ratio to the brains of their occupants, who seemed bent on obstructing the course as much as possible, and of attempting to render futile the almost superhuman exertions of the long suffering, but politely firm Thames Police. As usual, under the indefatigable Mr. Lord, of the Thames Conservancy, Putney Bridge was blocked for river traffic some considerable time before the race, thus ensuring, as has now been the case for some years, immunity from accidents of lumbering barges. Four steamers only as usual were privileged to accompany the race, viz.: one for the umpire, Mr. J. W. Chitty Q. C., one for the representatives of the fourth estate, and one each for the two Universities, none of which were inconveniently crowded. It had been given out semi-officially on Friday afternoon that the start would positively take place at 7.45, and by this hour everything was *en règle*. Oxford, who previously at an almost abnormal hour had had a good spin from the London Rowing Club House to the Point, were the first to make actual preparations for the Aquatic Derby, and appeared as Putney Church clock was striking eight, in their Clasper, and having won the toss, proceeded to take their berth on the Middlesex shore where they waited for their rivals, who, in a most unaccountable manner, seemed in no hurry to make a move, inasmuch that the Oxonians had two smart bursts up to the Creek with a view of keeping their blood in circulation before the two crews took up their positions for the struggle now imminent. At 8.25 Mr. Edward Searle gave the signal for

THE START.

which although even, showed the Oxford to be the quicker in getting to work, as rowing 40 to the minute they were conspicuously ahead. Cambridge, however, not to be denied, with a slower stroke of 39, opposite the boat houses were very nearly level. At the Creek, which was reached in 1min 35sec, Oxford had decreased their rate of progression to 37, while Cambridge were still rowing one stroke less per minute, the style of both crews being simply perfection. Just below the point, Oxford forged half a length in front, but the magnificent watermanship of Mr. Davis neutralised this advantage in commencing the shoot for the Surrey shore. At the Crab Tree, reached in 6min 14sec, Oxford again showed in front and holding their slight lead to the Soap Works, Mr. Beaumont was seduced too near the Cambridge crew, so that in straightening for Hammersmith Bridge he was compelled to sheer abruptly out, and not a moment too soon, as Cambridge seeing their chance quickened up to 38, and the two boats were once more nearly parallel. Hammersmith Bridge was passed in 9 min. 5 sec. from the start, and though opinions vary considerably as to which crew really were in front at this point, I am informed by one well qualified to judge that the nose of the Oxford boat was nearly a yard in advance of that of Cambridge. The light blues were now favoured by rather smoother water than their opponents, and once more showed in front just opposite the Doves, the excitement at this being worked up to the highest pitch. At the far end of the Mall Cambridge had increased their lead to nearly a third of a length, but Oxford again quickening to 38, this temporary advantage was nullified, and at the lower end of Chiswick Eyot once more showed in front slightly. The Oxford coxswain now bored down on the Cambridge boat, and again a foul seemed almost inevitable, but Mr. Beaumont came out to avoid this unpleasant *contretemps* just in time. On reaching the far end of the Eyot Oxford, although rowing a slower stroke, were clearly going away, their style showing to greater advantage in the lumpy water, while Cambridge were splashing, and not rowing in so good form as hitherto. All round the bend the dark blues held their own, and in spite of Shafto calling upon his men with a spurt of 39 (which caused them to pick up a little at the Bathing Place) the Oxford men again drew away without any apparent effort, although rowing only 37. At the Bull's Head, Barnes, Oxford led by barely a length, and seemed to be going well within themselves, while Cambridge were evidently working their hardest. After passing through the Railway Bridge, the race to all intents and purpose seemed a foregone conclusion, as for the first time there was daylight visible between the two boats, and on passing Wilcox's, the White Hart, there was nearly three yards separating them. A little further on, however, an accident happened to Cowles, the bow of the Oxford boat, who caught a crab and his oar gave way under the leather. This for a moment or two completely disconcerted his companions, and Cambridge, seeing their opponents faltering and coming back to them, in response to a call from Shafto rowed with desperation, while Marriott seeing the turn affairs had taken redoubled his exertions, and thus for rather less than the last half-mile the race terminated, Oxford rowing virtually, though not actually, with seven oars only. To attempt to describe the intense excitement as Cambridge rapidly closed up the gap, would be useless, as would it to be to attempt to depict the enthusiasm aroused by the superhuman exertions of Oxford to avoid being passed. On reaching the winning-post opinions again varied, but "Honest" John Phelps gave his decision as a dead-heat, although a great number fancied that Oxford had the lead of about a yard. Thus ended the ever memorable boat race of 1877, the result of which confers glory and honour alike on both crews. The time for the whole distance was variously given as ranging between 23min 10sec, and 24min 4sec, and when the rough water cross and head wind experienced are taken into consideration, the time was not so bad as it at first looks on paper.

The following are the names and weights of the crew on the morning of the race:—

OXFORD.		CAMBRIDGE.	
	st. lbs.		st. lbs.
D. J. Cowles (St. John's)	11 3½	B. G. Hoskyns (Jesus) bow	10 11½
2. J. M. Boustead (University)	12 0	2. T. W. Lewis (Caius)	11 10
3. H. Pelham (Magdalen)	12 7½	3. J. C. Fenn (Trinity)	11 6
4. W. H. Grenfell (Balliol)	12 10	4. W. B. Close (Trinity)	11 12
5. H. J. Stayner (St. John's)	12 3½	5. L. G. Pike (Caius)	12 8
6. A. Mulholland (Balliol)	12 7½	6. C. Gurdon (Jesus)	12 13½
7. T. C. Edwards-Moss (Brasenose)	12 2	7. T. E. Hockin (Jesus)	12 11½
H. P. Marriott (Brasenose) stroke	12 0½	C. D. Shafto (Jesus) stroke	12 1½
F. M. Beaumont (New) coxswain	7 0	G. L. Davis (Clare) coxswain	7 6

Oxford University and the Wanderers played the final tie for the Association Challenge Cup at football on Saturday afternoon at Kennington Oval. When time was called either side had scored a goal, and it was determined to play for another half-hour. This extra time proved favorable to the Wanderers, who obtained another goal, and became holders of the coveted trophy for this year.

As in previous years, the result of the Boat Race was signalled from B. Edgington's flagstaff at London Bridge, the Dark and Light Blue flags being hoisted side by side, and a gun was fired at the same time.

Athletic sports have been a great attraction since my last, the past having been the week of the year, combining as it does the Inter-University matches and the Amateur Championships. On Thursday last the competitions were those for the Queensberry Challenge Cups at Boxing, the Bicycling and Wrestling Championships. With respect to this day's sport (?), I shall have little to say, as the decisions in the boxing were so very remarkable. Suffices it to state that the judges presented the light weight cup to H. Skeate and the heavy weight cup to J. Francis, but allowed the middle weight trophy to be won by the best man—Douglas—who has thus secured it three years in succession. A. Allwright threw his solitary opponent in the wrestling twice in succession, and W. Wyndham, after a good struggle, defeated R. R. Mackinnon for the Bicycle Championship. The Inter-University, or more properly the Oxford and Cambridge matches, were decided on the following day, Friday, but the attendance, no doubt owing to the unfavourable state of the weather, was very far below what in has been in bygone years. Previously to the day of meeting the odd event had been looked forward to as a moral for Cambridge, and as much as five to one was laid on their securing it. The Cantabs did win, but had Nicolls, of Ch. Ch., not stood down in the One Mile, owing to a domestic affliction, things would have resulted just the reverse way. Oxford secured first blood in the 100yds., in which Treplin, of Brasenose, romped in first, the Cantab second string, Palmer, being second, whilst the time giver was 10.1-5sec. G. W. Blathwayt then, as anticipated, secured the High Jump, at it was stated 5ft. 7in., and thus equalised matters, after which Cunliffe, of Cambridge, after a splendid race, just beat Tylecote, the Oxford second string, for the mile in 4min. 32.4-5secs. The Hammer Throwing proved the gift it was generally known to be for the Light Blue champion Hales, who was credited with throwing 138 feet. Jackson, of St. John's, then put the hurdles down to the Dark Blues, but had not Salmon, of Jesus, fallen, he would have made him gallop, and then Davidson, of Cambridge, put the weight 35½ft. ½in., which easily secured that event for the University he represented. Now came the tug of war, viz.: the Quarter, which was to win or lose for either side, and the fates declared for the Light Blue, Churchill winning after a grand finish by a yard and a half from Metcalfe (Oxford) in 52.4-5secs. The odd event having gone, many of the spectators did not wait to see Oxford secure the Wide Jump at the hands, or rather feet, of Kemp, who cleared 20ft. 1½in., or Stevenson romp in for the three miles just about two hundred in advance of the best of the Cantabs. On Monday the running championships were decided at the same grounds, and nothing extraordinary occurred in the various competitions, with the exception of Slade running the three-quarters of a mile in the fastest time on record. The re-union however will long be remembered by those who witnessed Macdougall's race. Macdougall got at least four yards on his way, and the pistol was then fired, Treplin being almost left on the mark, and therefore was beaten easily. The cause of the simultaneous groans which thereupon arose from the assembled company, I leave my readers to conjecture for themselves. Treplin, I may mention, has been accustomed to the viva voce principle of starting, and this is in vogue at the championship, and was kept up this year until the Oxonian had won his heat in a canter, when it was thought advisable to bring the pistol into recognition.

At London A.C. meetings, Macdougall is an L.A.C. man, the pistol I am glad to state always is used but the reverse is the case at Oxford; verb. sap. To resume, however, the thread of my discourse, the hundred yards as I stated above fell to Macdougall, of the L.A.C. to the disgust of those who had stood the Oxford man; Slade walked over for the mile in 4min. 29secs., doing the ¼ of a mile in the fastest time on record, 3min. 14.3-5sec., and Gibb was unopposed in the four miles. J. H. A. Reay, London A.C. carried off the hurdles with Jackson of Oxford runner-up, time 17secs., and Hales of Cambridge "walked over," for the Hammer Throwing, hurling the missile with the limited handle 110ft. Elborough romped in for the quarter of a mile and half a mile races in 51.2-5secs. and 1min. 59.4-5secs. the respective runners-up being Churchill, of Cambridge, and the Honble. Pelham, an old Cantab. Blathwayt, of Cambridge had no difficulty in taking the High Jump at 5ft. 6in., J. Calkin, Nuneaton, C.C. the Wide Jump at 20ft. 6½in., and H. E. Kayll, Sunderland, F.C. the Pole Jump at 10ft. 9in. The event of the afternoon was that which stood first on the programme, viz. the Seven Miles Walking Race, for which Morgan of the Atlanta R.C. and Venn, London A.C., two previous holders, were opposed by Webster of Knotty Ash, Miles of Garston A.C., and Mitcalf, London A.C. After a terrific race Morgan was done on the post by a yard, the winner proving to be Webster, who has before been beaten by the Atlanta man, the time, 54 minutes, was quite up to champion form, and none of the others were in it. I should much have liked to have gone into fuller particulars of the above competitions, but as together with my fellow scribes, I was left outside the enclosure, I must decline to stand sponsor to other persons' opinions and decisions.

EXON.

[We deem it necessary to state that, actuated by motives which will be readily understood, we have expunged from our valued contributor's article some severe animadversions on the management of the recent Champion Meeting at Lillie Bridge. Although we have never had occasion to question "Exon's" accuracy of statement, we hope and believe that he has, in the present instance been misled. It would indeed be deplorable if amateur contests became corrupted by the pest (we need not pause to characterise it) which has converted certain professional running-grounds into arenas which all lovers of pure athletics ought to avoid. If championship and kindred meetings are to be held at Lillie Bridge, those who undertake the management thereof must be told that the duty which they owe to the public is such as can only be performed in one way. We give the hint in all kindness.—ED.]

TURFIANA.

FOOTSTEP'S Liverpool and Lincoln performances should not fail to attract attention to See Saw's claims as a sire; and the Stud Company will not regret his sojourn among them for a season, now that the brown has made so good a beginning. Last year he could boast of seven winners, and nearly everything by him seems to have the gift of going, from that little rat of a pony, Beaumais, to his fuller sized stock, of which Footstep is a very respectable specimen. We don't mean to magnify Lord Wilton's mare into a racing non-such, but she could not be said to be indulged by the handicappers at Lincoln, and won cleverly enough. As in Kisber's case, so in Footstep's, the Buccaneer strain has nicked with that of Birdcatcher, and Sandal should turn out a gold mine to Lord Wilton, for all her pedigree table is blazoned with illustrious names in the annals of Turf and Stud. See Saw failed to "take" among breeders at starting, partly because they considered him a trifle undersized and rather inclined to be short, and partly because his hocks were not all that could be desired. But this seems to be quite a stereotyped Buccaneer failing, and however unsightly the deformity, it should be recollected that it did not militate against his success, under fairly heavy weights, in both the Cambridgeshire and Royal Hunt Cup, the finishes of which are especially calculated to find out weak spots in that important part of the machinery. None of See Saw's stock inherit this infirmity in any great degree, and, as we believe his subscription is still open, owners of suitable mares might do worse than invest in a "pony" chance. Mr. Bell has begun the season well with two winners among the smaller fry of last year's sale, while report is busy concerning the merits of sundry great guns disposed of at Cobham last June. Mr. Blenkiron may take heart about Vespasian, whose day seemed so long in coming, now that his Flash filly has fairly broken the ice, but she was in Mr. Gee's instead of the Middle Park list, and is curiously inbred to Stockwell. We noticed her among the Dewhurst lot as a filly which "would not require much training," and she has blossomed into a very early spring flower.

Liverpool fared all the better for the compression of its meeting into two days, but it is plain that its great cross-country race has been considerably shorn of its interest by wealthy rivals in the field against it, and the betting on it was nothing like so fast and furious as in the days when it swallowed up all other serpents. Clonave again gave us a taste of his brilliant form over hurdles, starting at a nice taking price, and winning just as he pleased. Owton's turn came at last in the Spring Cup, to which Lady Patricia was held to have quite a prescriptive right, but two stone is a deal to concede even to a third rater, and the Miner blood made another hit early in the season, as last year with Controversy. Few who saw Mr. F. G. Hobson quietly watching the saddling process behind the Stand, thought that ere set of sun he was destined to take rank among such stars as Ede, Coventry, and Richardson; but Austerlitz won, as became his name, a "king-making" victory, which his rider took care to make as hollow as possible. Lufra, the dam of Lowlander, Austerlitz, and Midlothian, though foaled in 1860, only produced her first foal by Cape Flyaway nine years afterwards, since which year she has bred regularly, and promises to become one of the mainstays of the Tichfield Stud. Her pedigree is a grand combination of Pantaloon, Lanercost, and Velocipede, and it would be difficult to find its equal in the Stud Book, which shows but a poor list of Windhound mares, and most of those verging upon the sere and yellow leaf. That Congress, who both looked and went remarkably well, should finish before Regal was no matter for astonishment, seeing how often the Captain has puzzled us, but it may all come right another day, and Lord Lonsdale has plenty of time before him. No one was surprised to see "Evergreen Tommy" once more having a look in over his favourite course, while old Chimney Sweep could only get fourth once more, and is evidently a trifle outclassed in such tiptop company. By way of consolation Lord Lonsdale carried off the last two races, cutting short Lucy's victorious career by the aid of Whitehaven, and settling a shady lot in the Netherton Handicap in true Oxonian style.

As usual there has been a deal of "tall talk" recently heard during the stay of the University Crews on London waters, as to the removal of the race to another and more retired course, a threat which we take to be so much "bunkum," and not likely to be carried into effect on this side of the Millennium. One of the chief reasons for such a change was stated to be the increase of betting on the race, though how that an inevitable accompaniment to any athletic contest could be prevented it is difficult to say. Does anybody suppose that, in case the Norfolk Broads or Lake Windermere were selected as more favourable *locales* for settling the annual little University difference, that interest in its decision would be abated one jot, even though the practice of the crews might be less interrupted? And granting that the interest would be "still the same," is it probable that speculation would flag because the "instruments of gambling" were practising far away from the ken of members of Tattersalls and of the clubs? On the last occasion of the meeting of the Blues, betting was of course heavier than for many past years, for the simple reason that there was (on paper at least) so little to choose between the crews; and it matters little how the bookmakers choose to gamble among themselves, so long as public morality is not outraged by the process. In spite of the alleged injury to society inflicted by horse-racing, we never heard of good-for-nothing apprentices frisking their master's tills for a shilling to two to put on Oxford or Cambridge, neither have the suicides which infallibly follow upon the Derby settling been found to happen at Boat Race time. The press have it in their power to stop a deal of betting by simply ignoring the "state of the odds" in connection with the Boat Race, but by continually quoting them they have raised an appetite for this sort of food among the readers which they cannot very well refuse to appease. Betting there will always be, but the less prominently it is brought before the public, the less will be its influence for better or for worse. Only we should like to know who amongst us will be bold enough to "bell the cat."

The Grand National Hunt Committee are to meet at Messrs. Weatherby's office on April 9, with the same object as that on behalf of which a previous meeting was summoned but not attended, namely, "To take into consideration the alteration of the Grand National rules, so far as practicable in accordance with the recently revised rules of the Jockey Club." It is to be hoped that on this occasion a quorum at least may be obtained, for it speaks little for the energy and activity of members to shirk important questions of this kind, which affect the very vitality of the sport on behalf of which they are summoned to deliberate. Everything should be cut and dried before the commencement of another steeple chase season, and there will not be over much time for codifying and altering existing laws during the coming season, when interruptions will be so frequent, especially among those who are content only if they can go the round of sport from April to November. We hear that a communication has been addressed to sporting members of Parliament, proceeding from an influential pen, and deprecating legislative interference with the sports of the people, which the writer argues, and with some show of truth, have already been too rigorously curtailed by a paternal government. However, it will be time enough to give this "protocol" a more extended notice when it is published, as it most probably will be, for the edification of Her Majesty's sub-

jects at large. In the meantime, Messrs. Warner, Verrall, and Co., may at any rate take breath, and perhaps counsel with their apologist, who inclines neither to racing enthusiasts nor outraged residents. We shall be curious to see what Cannon will do with Petrarch, now that John Dawson has given him up; but whatever the stable think of doing with him, they can never trust him in a crowd of horses; and the calm repose of a cup field, with its half dozen grave and dignified competitors, well-ordered start, and no scramble for places, has always seemed to us the "line of business" specially chalked out for horses like Petrarch, of the *splendide mendax* type. May he be preserved at any rate from a descent into the steeple chasing arena—the fate of so many fallen favourites in these degenerate days.

The City and Suburban is likely enough to be the sole engrossing topic in racing circles for the next few weeks, the Two Thousand and Derby market being inanimate, and the remaining Spring Handicaps only lightly touched upon. As the performance of Bruce at Lincoln was sufficient to stamp him as the real good horse we have always described him, we shall stand by him again, relying on the promise he showed in his two-year-old days of ripening into a good stayer. Next to him we hold St. Leger, a whilom denizen of the same stable, in the highest respect; and he seems specially cut out for the task he is called upon to accomplish. Warrior we have always considered rather an overrated horse, and not qualified by shape or action for the give-and-take course at Epsom, which favours a short handy horse more than big long-striding animals, which require flat open courses on which to exhibit their best form. Julius Cæsar we must decline to trust, albeit he has run his best races on this course; but we have had such bitter experience of reformed rogues, that the utmost we should feel inclined to do on his behalf would be to back him for a place, which he may be capable of securing with his very lenient impost. There are some very tempting "old stagers" who may be dallied with before the day, and it will be strange if we do not hear something further concerning one or more among the lot, comprising Grey Palmer, Organist, Volturino, Empress, and Lord Berners, who may all bring forth good fruit in their old age. Still, the more we make the handicap our study, the sooner do we return to Bruce, and though one of the Ilseley three-year-olds may trouble him a trifle at the finish, we hold him in higher esteem than either Rosbach or Touchet. Sign Manual is spoken of as the coming horse, but there are several among the feather weights we are inclined to prefer before Major Stapylton's horse, though the latter gave us a satisfactory taste of his quality last "back end." Quick Step is pretty sure to be backed, and we should not be surprised at a demonstration in favour of Don Carlos.

Mr. Bell's foreign importations have arrived at Cobham without a scratch, and will help to vary the June catalogue, which generally provides something to suit all tastes. The young Cambuscan is said to be very smart and racing-like, and we have always regretted the loss of his sire to this country, though it was the fashion to cry him down as a "bandbox horse," and we well remember the late "Druid" decriing him as a "soft devil, and built on the lines of a mare," after a protracted interview with the elegant chestnut in his box at Hampton Court. Nearly all the Newminster horses have turned out trumps, and admirers of the old Rawcliffe hero can point with pride to a long list of distinguished sons, among which the late Lord Clifden, Hermit, and Adventurer are, or have been, shining lights. Doncaster's foals are reported to be coming very sizeable and racing-like, and with plenty of quality, not always a distinguishing feature in descendants of the emperor of stallions, though it should be recollected that Doncaster had more of the Orlando than the Stockwell style about him. Marie Stuart (unfortunately barren to Adventurer) visits his paddock this Spring, and if the produce of these two grand chestnuts is anything out of the common, it would be difficult to price it, and we wish Mr. Crawford all manner of luck with it. Cardinal York is getting a much better class of mares this year, Lord Ailesbury and Lord Bradford having sent to him, but we have not yet heard whether Petrarch's dam has foaled to him, though she has arrived at Waresley to Cathedral, a horse similarly bred to Lord Clifden, but with more of Melbourne than Touchstone about him. Lord Rosslyn seems to be going in for breeding on a very extensive scale, and is setting to work the right way, by patronising the best blood, the only Royal road to success, though often discovered too late to atone for early mistakes. Yearlings, be they ever so good-looking, by inferior stallions, will never return a profit; and besides, the stud from whence they come gets a bad name, and purchasers pass by on the other side.

It seems doubtful whether that as a popular race the Northamptonshire Stakes will ever resume its place among the great spring handicaps, but as yet the day of revival seems as distant as ever, notwithstanding that Mr. Frail has taken matters in hand. Rather a ragged lot have accepted, and it is a matter of no small difficulty to pick out the winner, when so many engagements are staring owners in the face. Mr. Savile certainly cannot complain of harshness on the part of the adjuster of weights, while there are a lot of "old sinners" chucked in, together with a mixed company of ex-hurdleracers and soi disant steeplechasers, including a few quondam celebrities of the Hampton, Scamp, Organist, and Duke of Parma type. The mysterious Wizard is favoured enough in the weights to run squarely on this occasion, but it is doubtful whether speculation on the race will rule high enough to tempt owners of "real good things" to allow them to spin at Northampton. Half of the entries have mere sprinting reputations, or we should not pass over Lord Lincoln or Strathavon, but probably neither will be at home over the two miles. Cornbrook was a good deal talked about last year, and should have a chance here if he is half a good horse, and Strudwicke has some form to recommend. We shall, however, elect to be represented by *Mr. Savile's best, and Leopold*; but at this distance of time, and with no market to guide us, we can only indicate the best "paper" chances. Earl Spencer's Plate is another puzzle, but after what we saw of *Lady Ronald*, at Lincoln, the distance and weight at Northampton should suit her better, though we shall not desert our old friend Lollypop, should he come fit, well, and intended, to the post. It is to be hoped that the Althorp Park Stakes will show up something above this year's Brocklesby form, and we should not be surprised to see Lord Falmouth cutting in with something like to show prominently in the race. Robert Peck, too, has a nice colt in Bonnie Scotland, but it is impossible to predict what may make up the field for this valuable stake.

SKYLARK.

On Tuesday Her Majesty's Stagbonds met at Mr. Alfred Atkins's, Farnham Royal. The morning was fine, and the field was a large one. Shortly before twelve the deer was uncared in a field opposite the house, and made away as if for Taplow, turned to the right to Burnham Beeches, East Burnham, Farnham Common, thence to Stoke Court; it then doubled back nearly to the same place where it was let loose, and was run into and killed. A second deer was then uncared, which led the field to Stoke, doubling back to Farnham Common, which it crossed on to Stoke, Wexham-street, back to Stoke Common, through Fulmer, Gerrard's Cross, Gold Hill, in which neighbourhood it was captured.

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

LIVERPOOL SPRING MEETING.

THURSDAY, MARCH 22.

STEEPLECHASE MATCH of 300 sovs, h ft; 1st 7lb each; 3 miles. Lord Waterford's gr g The Badger, by Young Touchstone—The Orphan, by Geraldus, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb J. Jones 1
Mr. J. G. Dunbar's ch g Farnborough, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb Mr. Rolly 2
Betting: 5 to 4 on the Badger. Won cleverly by two lengths.
The SEFTON STEEPLECHASE (Handicap) of 250 sovs, added to 5 sovs each, h ft; second received 25 sovs; about two miles and a quarter.
Lord C. Beresford's b g Zero, by Asteroid—N Minus I, aged, 11st

J. Jones 1
Mr. W. Wilson's br m Gipsy, 6 yrs 10st 7lb Mr. E. P. Wilson 2
Mr. C. Gilliat's br m Gazelle, aged, 10st Mr. St. James 3
Mr. G. Brown's Palo, aged, 11st 7lb R. P. Anson 0
Mr. T. A. Hubbard's Dewdrop, aged, 10st 4lb M. J. Goodwin 0
Captain Lane's Flintlock, 5 yrs, 10st Levitt 0
Duke of Montrose's Broth of a Boy, 4 yrs, 10st Canavan 0
Betting: 11 to 8 agst Palm, 5 to 1 each agst Zero and Gipsy, 8 to 1 agst Gazelle, and 10 to 1 each agst Dewdrop and Broth of a Boy. As they came on to the racecourse the Anon was hard on Palm, and Flintlock giving way, Zero and Gipsy raced up to Gazelle, who was beaten at the bend, and from the hurdles the race was confined to this pair, Zero always having the best, and winning easily by four lengths; six between second and third. Flintlock was fourth, Palm fifth, and Broth of a Boy last.
The LIVERPOOL HURDLE HANDICAP of 20 sovs each, 10 ft, with 500 added; second received 50 sovs; third saved stake; 2 miles, over eight hurdles.
Sir H. Nugent's br h Clonave, by Mainstay—Crystal, aged, 12st 2lb

Mr. St. James 1
Mr. Wadlow's b f Celosia, 4 yrs, 10st 8lb Mr. J. Goodwin 2
Mr. Gerard's bl f Miss Lizzie, 4 yrs, 10st 12lb J. Cannon 3
Lord Dupplin's Woodcock, 5 yrs, 12st 7lb J. Jones 4
Mr. N. Ennis's Ingomar, 5 yrs, 11st 10lb Doucie 0
Mr. J. Clifford's Sir Hugh, 5 yrs, 11st 0lb Lawrence 0
Mr. H. Robertson's Juvenis, 6 yrs, 11st 8lb R. Marsh 0
Mr. Padwick's Broadside, 4 yrs, 11st 1lb R. P. Anson 0
Mr. G. Kruckenberg's Ebor, 5 yrs, 10st 13lb Lynham 0
Betting: 2 to 1 agst Broadside, 5 to 1 each agst Mi's Lizzie and Woodcock, 9 to 1 agst Celosia, 10 to 1 each agst Clonave, Ingomar, Juvenis and Ebor, and 100 to 8 agst Sir Hugh. At the mile post the exact order was Ebor, Woodcock, Miss Lizzie, Clonave, Broadside, Juvenis, Celosia, Ingomar, and Sir Hugh; but as they neared the Canal Point Miss Lizzie was passed by Broadside and Clonave, while Sir Hugh began to draw up, the first five coming into the straight in a cluster. When directly in the line, Broadside was in difficulties, and Ebor and Clonave, with Celosia, drew up. At the last hurdle but one Woodcock and Ebor hung out signals of distress, and Clonave was left in front of Celosia, while Woodcock, Miss Lizzie, Ebor, and Ingomar were next, but all in trouble, and Clonave easily held his own, and won in a canter by a length; four between second and third. Woodcock was fourth, a neck behind Miss Lizzie, Ingomar fifth, Ebor sixth, Sir Hugh seventh, Broadside eighth, and Juvenis last.
The MOLYNEUX TYRO STAKES of 10 sovs each, with 300 added, for two year olds; colts, 8st 12lb; fillies, 8st 6lb; second received 10 per cent. of the stake; third saved stake; straight half mile.
Lord Kesteven's b f Vespaian, Flash, 8st 9lb Parry 1
Mr. M. Dawson's b f Fair Penitent, 8st 9lb Archer 2
Mr. W. Gerard's f Telegram, 8st 9lb C. Archer 3
Mr. T. Stevens's Little Fish, 8st 9lb T. Cannon 0
Sir G. Chetwynd's The Flyer, 8st 12lb F. Webb 0
Mr. W. H. Harvey's Master Mitchell, 8st 12lb Mordan 0
Sir W. Throckmorton's f by Scottish Chief—Miss Fanny, 8st 9lb

Glover 0
Mr. R. C. Vyner's Bryonia, 8st 9lb Griffiths 0
Mr. Wadlow's Eremita, 8st 12lb Constable 0
Betting: 3 to 1 agst Fair Penitent, 5 to 1 agst Telegram, 6 to 1 agst Flash filly, 100 to 15 agst Little Fish, 7 to 1 agst Eremita, 8 to 1 agst The Flyer, and 10 to 1 agst Bryonia. Won by a neck; a head between second and third, while a like distance off Little Fish was fourth.
The LIVERPOOL SPRING CUP (Handicap) of 500 sovs (specie), added to 20 sovs each, 15 ft; second received 50 sovs; third saved stake; one mile and a quarter.
Mr. John Chapman's ch g Owton, by The Miner—Lady of the Tees, 6 yrs, 8st 13lb Tomlinson 1
Captain Macchell's b m Lady Patricia, 6 yrs, 8st 12lb F. Archer 2
Mr. B. Gilpin's b h Berryfield, 6 yrs, 7st 4lb Wainwright 3
Mr. T. V. Morgan's Lord Gowran, aged, 8st 7lb C. Wood 0
Mr. R. Howett's Activity, 5 yrs, 8st 1lb Constable 0
Duke of Montrose's Hopbloom, 4 yrs, 8st 1lb Moran 0
Captain Stirling's Pluton, 4 yrs, 7st 2lb Morgan 0
Sir G. Chetwynd's Lord Lincoln, 4 yrs, 6st 13lb Chesterman 0
Mr. R. Hatton's Duplex, 5 yrs, 6st 11lb H. Macdonald 0
Mr. G. Montgomery's Little John, aged, 6st 9lb Howey 0
Mr. A. Pearson's Glendinning, 5 yrs, 6st 8lb Pugh 0
Mr. K. C. Vyner's Daisy Cutter, 4 yrs, 6st 7lb Collins 0
Lord Wilton's Quickstep, 3 yrs, 5st 11lb (car. 5st 12lb) Hopkins 0
Betting: 3 to 1 agst Lord Lincoln, 4 to 1 agst Quickstep, 5 to 1 agst Lady Patricia, 6 to 1 agst Activity, 10 to 1 each agst Lord Gowran, Hopbloom, and Owton, 12 to 1 agst Pluton, and 100 to 7 agst Duplex. Won by three lengths; six between second and third. Activity, a neck behind, was fourth, and Lord Lincoln was fifth.

The UNION JACK STAKES of 20 sovs each, 10 ft, with 300 added, for three-year-olds; colts, 8st 12lb; fillies, 8st 7lb; second received 10 per cent., third, 5 per cent. of the stake; about 1 mile.
Mr. Latour's b c Ernest, by General Peel—Hopblossom, 8st 2lb
Newhouse 1
Lord Stamford's ch c Baronet, 8st 12lb F. Archer 2
Mr. Hind's b f Lady Johnstone, 8st Bruckshaw 3
Mr. Johnstone's Hemlock, 8st 8lb G. Cooke 0
Mr. R. C. Vyner's Primesautier, 8st 5lb Griffiths 0
Betting: 11 to 10 agst Baronet, 2 to 1 agst Ernest, and 6 to 1 agst Hemlock. Won by ten lengths; two between second and third, with Primesautier last.
The NATIONAL HUNTERS' STAKES of 7 sovs each, 5 ft, with 250 added; weight for age, &c.; gentlemen riders; second received 50 sovs; 2 miles, on the flat.
Mr. C. Blanton's b c Gurth, by Wamba—Lady Hungerford, 4 yrs, 11st 4lb Mr. H. M. Rudd 1
Mr. G. Bracher's b c Ixion, 4 yrs, 11st 13lb Mr. F. G. Hobson 2
Mr. R. Howett's b c Sir Robert Clifton, 4 yrs, 11st 4lb Mr. R. Shaw 3
Mr. R. Jardine's King of the Tyne, 6 yrs, 12st 2lb Mr. T. Spence 0
Mr. A. Bayley's Marquis of Stafford, 4 yrs, 11st 4lb Mr. E. P. Wilson 0
Mr. J. M. Brook's Flying Birdcatcher, 5 yrs, 12st Mr. Baldwin 0
Mr. Cogswell's Harley, 4 yrs, 11st 4lb Mr. Brockton 0
Mr. Davenport's g by Julius—Lucinia, 4 yrs, 11st 4lb Owner 0
Mr. F. Douglass's Castle Blair, 4 yrs, 11st 4lb Mr. J. Goodwin 0
Mr. E. Frewen's Cavaliero, 4 yrs, 11st 4lb Mr. Rolly 0
Mr. H. Houldsworth's Sibyl (late Darabouka), 4 yrs, 11st 4lb

Mr. St. James 0
Mr. G. Montgomerie's Daniel, 6 yrs, 12st 2lb Hon. G. Montgomerie 0
Captain Stirling's f by Canary—Minerva, 4 yrs, 11st 4lb Mr. Thomas 0
Captain Wallace's Saraband, 6 yrs, 12st 2lb Mr. G. Moore 0
Mr. Cholmley's Pepin-le-bref, 4 yrs, 11st 4lb Mr. Boynton 0
Mr. Cornwall's Crescent, aged 11st 2lb Mr. Crawshaw 0
Betting: 100 to 30 agst Lucinia gelding, 5 to 1 each agst Sir Robert Clifton and Minerva filly, 6 to 1 agst Marquis of Stafford, 7 to 1 agst Castle Blair, 8 to 1 each agst Daniel and Saraband, and 10 to 1 each agst Gurth and Ixion. Won in a canter by ten lengths; two lengths between second and third.
The PAYNE PLATE (Handicap) of 150 sovs in specie, added to a sweepstake of 10 sovs each, 5 ft; second received 25 sovs; Canal Point in (nearly 6 fur).
Mr. Bingham's b h St. Patrick, by Knight of St. Patrick—Fisherman's Daughter, 6 yrs, 6st 12lb Morgan 1
Mr. Vyner's ch c Borgia, 3 yrs, 5st 11lb Collins 2
Mr. W. Brophy's b f Turquoise, 4 yrs, 6st 13lb Wainwright 3
Mr. Wadlow's San Marco, 3 yrs, 5st 9lb W. Macdonald 0
Betting: 65 to 40 agst Turquoise, 100 to 30 agst San Marco, 9 to 2 agst St. Patrick, and 5 to 1 agst Borgia. Won by a length; bad third.

FRIDAY.—THE GRAND NATIONAL DAY.

Friday morning was ushered in with the same delightful weather, a state of affairs that happily lasted throughout the entire afternoon. So far as attendance goes a more numerous one possibly has never been witnessed at Aintree, the course being densely packed, while the carriages opposite the Stand were exceedingly num-rous. Then again, long before the time for the Grand National, various fences of historic name were well attended by those who desire to see the jumping close at hand. In order to enable the Londoners to catch the evening train a start was made at one o'clock with the Hylton Plate. During the morning, writes the *Sporting Life*, the betting had been very heavy, the chief run being on Citizen (who came with a great rattle) and Reugny. So persistent was the run on the latter that he absolutely finished first favourite. These outlays, however, did not much affect Regal, Chimney Sweep, and Shifnal, Gamebird and Liberator went back at the end, while Pride of Kildare became the avowed champion of Ireland. When seen in the paddock, the sixteen whose numbers were exhibited were on all hands pronounced a capital-looking lot, and far above the average. Old Reugny, the hero of 1874, looked wonderfully well, his condition being admirable. Old Chimney Sweep walked about as jauntily as a dancing master. Arbitrator had done plenty of work, but he is fearfully leggy, and moreover, had been fired on the near fore pastern. Lord Lonsdale, it will be seen, ran both Congress and Regal, the former wearing the colours of the late Earl, and right well did the horse look, a remark that does not apply to Regal, who seemed scarcely trained. Zero, to distinguish

him from the "Sweep," wore a white cap, and Gamebird, for the same purpose, with Liberator, wore a red. Mr. Thomas having the mount on the latter, who, though generally good looking is weakish behind. Gamebird, who is to all appearance marvellously improved, failed to show to advantage. Seldom has a race been run at a quicker pace, as Zero kept it a good one to serve Chimney Sweep, but he refused at the fence before Beecher's Brook the second time, and, dead beaten, Arbitrator fell into Valentine Brook in the last round. The result in favour of Austerlitz was rather surprising, and comments on the Birmingham and Croydon displays are unnecessary. Mr. Hobson rode right well in the country, and always held a good position in the first six. Shifnal, on the other hand, his more fancied stable-companion, was never once formidable, and his *debut* in the colours of his new owner was by no means what was expected. Citizen ran well until a mile from home, when the race was a match between Chimney Sweep, Austerlitz, and Liberator, Congress alone, with Dainty, being anything like near. The latter pair, however, stayed well in the straight, and owing to Liberator being eased, the top-weight got second honours. In the straight the race was reduced to Liberator and Austerlitz, and as Mr. Hobson was riding at the first hurdle and Liberator had the lead, it looked as if Mr. Thomas would secure his fourth Grand National, but the half-brother to Lowlander ran gamely, and, staying the better, won with ease at the finish. The winner is a very powerful, level-made horse, and far bigger than he looks.

The HYLTON STAKES of 10 sovs each, 5 ft, with 200 added; second received 25 sovs; 1 1/2 fur.

Mr. T. Wadlow's br h Instantly, by Paul Clifford—Algazelle, aged, 8st 12lb F. Archer 1
Mr. R. Howett's b c Rosinante, 4 yrs, 7st 13lb Constable 2
Mr. G. Kruckenberg's ch c Forty Winks, 3 yrs, 6st Howey 3
Also ran: Turquoise, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb: Lady Johnstone, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb; Le Promeneur, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb
Betting: 5 to 2 each agst Forty Winks and Instantly, 100 to 30 agst Rosinante, and 10 to 1 agst Le Promeneur. Won by a neck; two lengths between second and third. Turquoise was fourth, Le Promeneur fifth, and Lady Johnstone last.

The STARKIE STAKES of 10 sovs each, 5 ft, with 150 added; second received 25 sovs; for two year olds; straight half-mile.
Mr. Gerard's ch f Telegram, by Macaroni—Celerrima, 8st 9lb

F. Archer 1
Mr. A. Hayhoe's b f Bonnie Lassie, 7st 13lb (car 8st) (Groom) Newhouse 2
Mr. C. Rayner, jun.'s ch f by Lord Clifden—Gemma, 8st 9lb Goater 3
Sir G. Chetwynd's Guy, 8st 7lb (Groom) Constable 0
Mr. W. Raine's Wolverton, 8st 12lb W. Platt 0
Mr. T. Stevens's Little Fish, 8st 9lb Cannon 0
Mr. R. C. Vyner's f by Speculum—Ashling, 8st 9lb Griffiths 0
Betting: 5 to 2 each agst Telegram and Bonnie Lassie, 5 to 1 agst Little Fish, and 8 to 1 agst any other (offered). Won by a length and a half; a bad third. Little Fish was fourth, and Guy last.

The LANCASTRIAN PLATE of 200 sovs, added to 10 sovs each, 5 ft; winners extra; second received 25 sovs; about one mile and a half.
Mr. R. Beck's b c Percy, by Underhand—Unfashionable Beauty, 4 yrs, 8st

J. Macdonald 1
Sir W. Nugent's br m Clonave, aged, 9st 2lb Mr. W. St. James 2
Mr. Bingham's b h St. Patrick, 6 yrs, 8st 8lb (inc 7lb ex) Morbey 3
Also ran: Daisy Cutter, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb; Lottery, 4 yrs, 8st 1lb
Betting: 5 to 4 agst Clonave, 100 to 30 agst St. Patrick, and 4 to 1 agst Percy. Won by a length; a bad third. Daisy Cutter was last.
The GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE of 500 sovs, added to a handicap sweepstake of 25 sovs each, 15 ft; second received 100 sovs, third saved stake; winners extra; nearly four miles and a half. 62 subs, 15 of whom paid 5 sovs each.
Mr. F. G. Hobson's ch h Austerlitz, by Katapan—Lufra, 5 yrs, 10st 8lb

Owner 1
Lord Lonsdale's b g Congress, aged, 12st 7lb J. Cannon 2
Mr. Moore's br g The Liberator, aged, 10st 12lb Mr. Thomas 3
Lord Lonsdale's Regal, 6 yrs, 12st 2lb Jewitt 0
Mr. Gomm's Reugny, aged, 11st 6lb Mr. E. P. Wilson 0
Sir M. Crofton's Shifnal, aged, 11st 5lb R. P. Anson 0
Captain Bates's Pride of Kildare, 6 yrs, 11st 4lb Canavan 0
Lord C. Beresford's Zero, aged, 11st 2lb (inc 7lb ex) Sherrington 0
Mr. J. Johnson's Lancet, aged, 11st J. Daniels 0
Lord M. Beresford's Chimney Sweep, aged, 10st 13lb Jones 0
Mr. Moore's Gamebird, aged, 10st 11lb Mr. Appleton 0
Mr. A. Crofton's Sultana, aged, 10st 12lb (inc 7lb ex) Mr. Beasley 0
Lord Downe's Earl Marshal, 6 yrs, 10st 10lb Mr. Rolly 0
Sir C. R. Rushout's Arbitrator, 6 yrs, 10st 6lb Mr. Crawshaw 0
Sir J. L. Kaye's Citizen, 6 yrs, 10st 5lb W. Reeves 0
Mr. S. Davis's Dainty, aged, 10st 4lb Mr. J. Goodwin 0

Betting: 100 to 15 agst Reugny, 7 to 1 agst Chimney Sweep, 100 to 14 agst Shifnal, 8 to 1 agst Regal, 12 to 1 each agst Citizen and Pride of Kildare, 14 to 1 agst Arbitrator, 15 to 1 agst Austerlitz, 20 to 1 each agst Congress and Dainty, 25 to 1 each agst Gamebird and Liberator, 33 to 1 agst Lancet, and 50 to 1 each agst Zero and Sultana. Austerlitz, in company with Chimney Sweep, Regal, Citizen, Lancet, Shifnal, Pride of Kildare, Reugny, Liberator, and Arbitrator, made running, Gamebird being several lengths in the rear, to the first fence, where Zero had joined the leading lot, and then took up the running to Beecher's Brook, but directly they were over Citizen again ran to the front, and held a clear lead of Zero, in whose company was Chimney Sweep, attended in a cluster by Liberator, Reugny, Regal, Shifnal, Congress, and Lancet, with Dainty, Sultana, and Gamebird forming the rear guard, until Valentine's Brook was got over, when Congress joined the leading trio. The water, Zero, Citizen, Chimney Sweep, and Congress cleared in advance of Austerlitz; followed in a cluster by Liberator, Shifnal, Lancet, Reugny, Arbitrator, Regal, Sultana, Pride of Kildare, Earl Marshal, Dainty and Gamebird. Directly after going into the country the second time Citizen fell away, and the front rank comprised Zero, Chimney Sweep, Liberator, Regal, Congress, and Austerlitz, Sultana now being in the rear, with Gamebird, Earl Marshal, and Arbitrator. At the fence before Beecher's Brook Zero refused, and Chimney Sweep, Liberator, and Austerlitz were showing the way to Congress, Regal, and Pride of Kildare, while several lengths off were Lancet, Citizen, Dainty, and Arbitrator, and little change took place until Valentine's Brook, where Arbitrator, dead-beaten fell. Chimney Sweep, Austerlitz, and Liberator then put a gap of several lengths between themselves and Congress, who, with Shifnal, Dainty, Lancet, and Pride of Kildare, were well in advance of the remainder, widely scattered, Regal and Reugny now rapidly falling away. In the racecourse Austerlitz had a length lead of Chimney Sweep and Liberator; then came Congress, Dainty, and Shifnal. As they made for the straight Shifnal was beaten, and before reaching the first hurdles Chimney Sweep was in a similar plight. Here Liberator headed Austerlitz, and Dainty took third place, with Congress fourth, but before reaching the last obstacle Austerlitz collared Liberator, and, ridden vigorously to the end, won by four lengths from Congress, who took second place on the post, owing to Liberator being eased, and Dainty not being persevered with from the last hurdle. Chimney Sweep, therefore, finished fourth, Sultana fifth, then Regal, Lancet, and Dainty, while trotting in were Shifnal, Earl Marshal, Citizen, Gamebird, and Reugny, with Pride of Kildare walking in absolutely last. Time 10 min. 16 sec. Value of the stakes, £1,240.

The PALATINE HURDLE HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, with 200 added; second received 25 sovs; one mile and a half, over six hurdles.
Duke of Montrose's b f Labyrinth, by Brother to Strafford—Puzzle's dam, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb Moran 1
Mr. Mervyn's br h Halitax, 5 yrs, 10st 10lb Mr. E. P. Wilson 2
Captain Stirling's b c Pluton, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb W. Reeves 3
Also ran: Juvenis, 6 yrs, 11st 0lb; Chilblain, aged, 10st 12lb; Bugle March, 6 yrs, 10st 12lb; Teuton, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb; Celosia, 4 yrs, 10st 6lb; Waterwitch, 6 yrs, 10st 4lb
Betting: 3 to 1 agst Celosia, 6 to 2 agst Bugle March, 5 to 1 each agst Labyrinth and Pluton, 6 to 1 agst Teuton, and 7 to 1 agst Juvenis. Won easily by half a length; two lengths divided second and third, and a neck third and fourth. Bugle March was fifth, Chilblain sixth, and Juvenis seventh. Waterwitch pulled up on the post.

The CROXTETH SCARLET STEEPLECHASE of 7 sovs each, 5 ft, with 200 added; second received 25 sovs; third 15 sovs; weight for age, &c.; gentlemen riders; about 3 miles.

Lord Lonsdale's ch g Whitehaven, by Newcastle—Lady Augusta, aged, 12st 7lb Hon. E. Willoughby 1
Mr. H. Scarborough's br m Lucy, aged, 13st 5lb Lord M. Beresford 2
Mr. J. M. Brook's ch h Flying Birdcatcher, 5 yrs, 12st 5lb

Captain Baldwin 3
Mr. Cornwall's Crescent, aged, 12st 10lb Mr. Crawshaw 0
Mr. Dodson's Goldfinder, aged, 13st 5lb Mr. E. P. Wilson 0
Betting: 11 to 8 on Lucy, 3 to 1 agst Whitehaven, and 5 to 1 agst Goldfinder. Won by four lengths; six between second and third. Goldfinder broke down.

The NETHERTON HANDICAP of 5 sovs each starter, with 100 added; 5 fur.
Lord Lonsdale's b g Oxonian, by Oxford—Araby's Daughter, aged, 9st 9lb Cundance 1
Mr. J. Cunningham's b g Little John, aged, 7st 10lb Morgan 2
Mr. F. Platt's gr g Lady Grace, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb J. Macdonald 3
Also ran: Hannah, 3 yrs, 6st; Mary Jones, 3 yrs, 5st 8lb.

Betting: 11 to 8 on Oxonian, 5 to 2 agst Lady Grace, and 6 to 1 agst Little John. Won by a length; three between second and third. Mary Jones bolted and threw her jockey, who escaped with a shaking.

The FORMBY STAKES did not fill.

THIRTEEN horses started for the Hunters' Selling Race at Nottingham on Tuesday, which was won by Sir Walter, Arthur being second, and Thinskin third. The other results of the day included the following—Little John Stakes, Musical Times; Portland Plate, Niger; Thurgarton Priory Selling Plate, Sister to Tittle-Tattle; Spring Handicap, Fairy King; Wiverton Hurdle Race, Cocotte. The rider of Sir Walter was Lord M. Beresford.

THE TAMBOURINE GIRL. A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

IN selecting models at home or abroad, it is often no mean advantage when the artist procures them from persons who are not models by trade. To draw or paint from those who are really what they appear to be, and carry with them not the mechanical rules and traditions of the studio, but all the impressions made by their condition and experience, is a frequent source of novelty and freshness in the ultimate result, and of inspiration to the artist, inasmuch as from such models he may derive a less artificial feeling for the sentiment or idea he is desirous of expressing. There is a simplicity and reality in the pictures thus produced direct from actual fact, which is almost always absent in paintings from the regular artists' models. It is not however always easy to catch such models, and when well caught, it is mostly because they are not themselves conscious of the fact. William Collins, R.A.—father of Wilkie Collins, the novelist—tells some amusing stories of such models. At one time, having observed a little clodpole in a most picturesquely dirty and ragged condition playing before a cottage door, he immediately made terms with his mother for a sitting, and was horrified when she brought the boy to his studio, to find a clean pinafore over his rags, covering him from chin to ankles, his hands washed, his stockings clean, his hair combed, shoes blacked, and shoe-strings tied. The grinning boy was in his Sunday clothes, and had lost every scrap of picturesque interest in the painter's eyes. The good woman declared indignantly that he should not be painted but in his Sunday clothes. Another little gaping round-eyed rustic being brought to him, shrieked at the idea of being "put into a pretty picture," because she thought she should never get out again, to go home to her Mammy. There are other difficulties, however, in the using of these realistic models, as the same artist when painting an old deaf beggar, whose skin was a sort of pasture ground for certain minute animals, discovered. "Keep farther away," said he. "Oh! no fear, no fear, sir," cried the venerable Edie Ochiltree, "I don't think any of them are likely to leave me for you." But that is not nice, and this picture of the tambourine girl, a peasant who found her way into Rome, where artists most do congregate, is nice—at any rate in a picture. Simple and unaffected in pose, real in character and in expression, true to the life, she stands before us rounded out into life by skilful light and shade, with every detail put in with conscientious exactness—a veritable and excellent study from Italian life.

A LARGE party of cockfighters was discovered a few weeks ago at Bishop's Teignton by a couple of county policemen, who had been put on the track by an anonymous letter. Constables Creedy and Westacott pounced upon them in a lonely spot on a farm occupied by a man named Vooght, the cockpit being an old barn. The building was crowded, and a couple of birds were on the floor when the officers arrived, and a search made after the spectators had made off showed that several pairs of cocks had already fought, some of them being dead, and the others shockingly mutilated. About a dozen of the spectators were recognised by the police. No arrests were made, but summonses were issued against all who were known, and the cases came on for hearing this week at Teignmouth Petty Sessions, when Inspector Warr appeared to prosecute on behalf of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It was stated in the course of the hearing that one defendant had threatened an appeal in case of conviction, remarking that they had a society at their back which was stronger than even the Royal Prevention Society. James Vooght, the occupier of the farm where the cockfighting took place, was fined £5, and the other eleven defendants £3 each.

THE HALBRAKE AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB.—A performance of this club took place at the Assembly Rooms, Wandsworth, on March 23rd, before a numerous and highly appreciative audience. The piece selected for the occasion was *New Men and Old Acres*, and the acting was on the whole unusually good. Miss Herbert as Lilian Vavasour played with remarkable effect. We must add a word of commendation for the well-painted scenery executed by Messrs. E. and D. E. Bower.

At Brighton on Monday evening, Mr. Charles Mathews appeared before a crowded audience in *My Awful Dad* at the Theatre Royal. His engagement terminated on Thursday.

WE regret to learn that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is suffering from a boil, aggravated by exercise in hunting. But the general health of the Prince is excellent.

MR. JOHN THOMAS, for the past twenty years lessee of the Cardiff Theatre Royal, died, recently, at Cardiff, aged fifty-six.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S TOUR IN INDIA.*

THIS is a magnificent book. From the pen of the first of newspaper correspondents, one had a right to expect a chronicle worthy of the stirring events recorded, and verily that expectation has been splendidly fulfilled. William Howard Russell's latest work will bear a searching comparison with his earliest. It is due also to artist and binder to say that the one has embellished and the other clothed the diary in a manner that perfectly accords with the grandeur and unique interest which characterised His Royal High-

engravings are signed, we are prevented from awarding to the interpreter of Mr. Hall's vivid drawings, other than in a general way, the praise which is undoubtedly his due; we must step aside, however, to compliment Messrs. Clowes and Sons on the printing. So much for what may be termed the garniture of this gorgeous volume. Dr. Russell's narrative possesses a quality which will at once commend itself to the notice of the readers who recollect the courtier-like complexion of the stories of the tour that were intermittently told by telegraph in the daily papers, namely, its close personal identification with the movements of the exalted personage whose adventures are described. By

virtue of his position as Honorary Private Secretary to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Dr. Russell was brought into daily and hourly contact with him, and was thereby enabled to place upon record a multitude of minute circumstances, of little importance in themselves perhaps, but resulting in the aggregate in a picture as different from the mere outside sketches of the royal visitor's behaviour during that memorable tour, as the Queen's book on the Highlands differed from the Court Newsman's bald description of the royal sojourn on the other side of the Tweed. Dr. Russell's privileges were rare, but he has used them wisely and with becoming modesty. Now and then we catch a glimpse of the courtier between the lines written by the diarist, but not in a manner that calls for more than a gently passing observation. "The fierce light that beats upon the throne," is apt to dazzle the eyes of a journalist placed in the trying position occupied by the veteran correspondent of the *Times*; but in justice to him it should be observed that he has told his story with great simplicity. To this day it is widely believed that the Prince of Wales's tour was a summer's holiday. A trip lightly entered upon and lightly enjoyed. Let those who yet rest contented under that ridiculously erroneous impression, make themselves acquainted with Dr. Russell's "Tour." It would be absurd to designate the appalling labours which the Prince of Wales smilingly undertook and untiringly performed, as mere hard work. He broke down several members of his suite, and, in Ceylon, where with characteristic coolness and intrepidity he played the part of an old Shekary amongst carnivora, that so far as we know are no respectors of royalty, the Prince of Wales was to the fore in a fashion that spoke volumes for his pluck and endurance. Dr. Russell's graphic descriptions of how terribly big bags were made in the jungle by the Prince of Wales and his party, will be read with keen interest wherever an Englishman is to be found. As we may have to recur to "the book of the season," we abstain from glancing further at its varied contents. By the kindness of the publishers, we have been afforded an opportunity of presenting our readers with two examples of Mr. Sydney Hall's illustrations (see page 45). The first represents a scene on board the *Scrapis* during the progress of a "Moore and Burgess" entertainment, supported by members of the crew. The second represents the Prince of Wales and the act of measuring his first tiger.

SOME novel outdoor diversions were to be seen on Saturday afternoon last at Lillie Bridge Grounds. A 10 mile race between Stanton on a bicycle and J. Beavan on foot, resulted in the victory of the runner, to whom the rider conceded 24 minutes start. A dog race, 200 yards, was won by Mr. J. Tuck's Lady Golightly. Miles, the professional walker, beat the elephant in a mile race. A tug of war between about 30 men of the Coldstream Guards and three dray horses, was won by the former. The race between two camels, a donkey, and a pony, was some what reduced in interest by the bolting of the camels and the refusal of the donkey to move. The pony, admirably ridden by little Willie Hodgins, had thus no difficulty in winning. A two mile race (level) between John Keen on a bicycle and Hodgins trotting mare Queen of the Turf was won by the former by 80 yards in 6min. 31 3-5sec. Willie Hodgins rode the mare and controlled her with surprising ease—he looks quite a child, and weighs only 3st 7lb—but Keen's pace was a little too good. Tugs of war for a £5 prize between men of the Coldstreams were followed by another race between Keen and Hodgins. This time, however, the distance was only two laps, and the lad rode the galloping pony that beat the donkey and camels. The race was capitally contested, and the bicyclist had to put out all his strength to win. Then came the great event of the day—the elephant pulling against 50 men. The brute did not seem either to like or to understand his task, and a comparatively easy victory for the soldiers was the result.

It is rumoured that Mr. Phelps will shortly take a farewell benefit in London.



THE TAMBOURINE GIRL,

ness's tour. It is hard, even after a cursory glance through these luxurious pages, to keep from writing praise of them in veritable Johnsenese. In keeping this "Diary in India, with some account of the Visits of His Royal Highness to the Courts of Greece, Egypt, Spain, and Portugal," Dr. Russell has risen with simple grace and appropriate dignity to the occasion. In illustrating the curiously fascinating narrative, Mr. Sydney P. Hall has executed drawings which, even in these days of high-class art, are remarkable for their distinguished merit. As none of he

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

TRUE TO THE CORE.

A Typicookical Prize Cantata, affectionately inscribed to A. R. Selous, Esq.

ACT I.—SUMMAT' GONE WRONG AT PLYMOUTH HOE.

Chorus of Preliminary Supers.

Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!
Martin Truegold, seaman able,
Weds the interesting Mabel
To-day. To-day.

WALLET (*a pedlar to all appearance, but—a time will come*)—

Who is Martin? Who is Mabel?
Say! say.

Chorus.

Oh! Martin's the pilot of Plymouth,
And Mabel's the maid of the inn.
Than Martin no stouter salt swimmer,
And Mabel's as sweet as cream gin,
So the pilot he goes for to marry her.
And when through the mists and the fogs
He's a-sailing, his missus will tarry here
To mix us our grogs.

[*Exeunt Chorus, to Wedding.*]

WICKED BARONITE (*to DEADLY JESUITE, apart gloomily*).

Ha! ha! dost expect me to smile at
The marriage that happens to-day?
'Tis the girl I've been wooing this pilot
Has taken away.



"True to the Core!"

DEADLY JESUITE (*pointing to marine back-cloth*)—

Fear not; that pilot presently
Shall be securely drugged by me,
And borne on board the Spanish Armada.
Then you may safe abduct your barmaid—Ah!
D'ye see? D'ye see?

WICKED BARONITE—

'Tis clear, 'tis clear, thou best of priests!

MARAH (*a devoted gipsy sewing wench, aside*)—
I hear, I hear, you wicked beasts!

[*conceals herself warily at wing.*]

Enter MARTIN TRUEGOLD with lighted torch.

MARTIN TRUEGOLD—

Your true British seaman is most conscientious,
And though partial to grog and to loot, he,
No matter how riotous drunk or licentious,
Ever strictly attends to his duty.
I've been married ten minutes,
And maybe a sin it's
To leave my sweet bride in her beauty.
But of one thing be sartin,
That a pilot like Martin
Will strictly attend to his duty.

Is about to ascend ladder for the purpose of lighting a candle which, from the top of a two-storey public-house, is to warn all England of the approach of the Spanish Armada and the impending invasion of the country by the hell-hounds of the Inquisition, when the DEADLY JESUITE and the WICKED BARONITE come forward with bottle of rum.

D. J. and W. B.
Stay heart of oak,
Stay moral pilot
And let's be gay;
Stay, oh stay!

MARTIN (*with dignified firmness*)—

Till England's woke
With all the sky lit,
Just let me say
Nay! oh, nay!



A Spanish Noble of those Times

DEADLY JESUITE (*persuasively*)—

List unto me thou virtuous sailor,
I respect your scruples firm;
But at a foaming glass of ale or
Nip of rum you need not squirm.



the gay and festive Sam Emery

I am myself a strictly pious,
Most particular sort of dog;
Yet I, when worldly troubles try us,
Recommend a drop of grog.
BOTH. Yes we, when worldly troubles try us,
Recommend a drop of grog.

MARTIN (*after some hesitation steps down*)—

You're so pious and kind, sirs,
I'm blessed if I mind, sirs,
One glass that I may not seem rude t'ye.
[*Takes glass.*]

But of one thing be sartin,
That a pilot like Martin
Will strictly attend to his duty. [Drinks.
D. J. and W. B.
Oh, of one thing we're sartin,
That a pilot like Martin
Will strictly attend to his duty.

MARTIN drops flambeau and all three dance. After which

MARTIN, quite drunk, lies down.
MARTIN (*going off into stupor*)—

P—p—perfectly sartin,
P—p—pilot like Martin,
Stri—hic!—ly attends to his duty.

[*Collapses.*]

At signal from the Wicked Baronite, enter marine desperadoes, who proceed to remove Martin; while they are in the act enter Mabel, who is greatly shocked at her newly-wedded bridegroom's depravity. Other marine desperadoes proceed to remove her in opposite direction. The scene is one of dread indescribable confusion. Added to which the consciousness that Martin's failure to light the candle in the second floor of his public-house will in all probability lead to the invasion of Britain by the Spaniards sends a thrill of apprehensive horror through all loyal and patriotic hearts. Enters Marah (*the gipsy*), unobserved amid the tumult, bearing in her hand a box of lucifer matches.

MARAH (*recitative*)

With this box of matches I will save future historians a deal of trouble. I purchased it with my last halfpenny.

[*disappears into "pub."*]



"Author! Author!!"

DEADLY JESUITE.

Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!
On the British seaman able
I have turned the little table
To-day, to-day!

MARAH (*appearing at "pub." window, lights candle*).

That's a fable,
Hooray!!

[*Act drop.*]

ACT II.—MAIN DECK OF "LA SENT-A-FAILURE."

DON DIAGUE (*reclining amongst voluptuous gipsy girls of the period*).

O, this is how we do it, girls, if we go a-cruising,
When governmental policy's invasion,
So wake up Jane and Elizabeth, Sarah Ann and Susan,
Let's have a dance (Hi! Cormack!) for th' occasion.

JOHNNY (*within, recitativo*).

My very good lord, I'll do your bidding in the twinkling of a bed-post. Ladies of the ballet, please attend to your business. Miss Fitzrobinson, I will not call you any names, but you—are!

[*Ballet of Gitanos.*]

DON DIAGUE.

Bring forth our captive English pilot.

MARTIN.

That's me, I'm here.

DON DIAGUE.

Say, will you pledge your oath inviolate,

Our ship to steer?

Say, will you pledge your word of honour?

MARTIN (*aside*).

To bring the Fust Lord down upon her,
(*aloud*) I swear!

MARTIN steers "La Sent-a-Failure" upon the Eddystone Light-house, where she leisurely goes to pieces amid a solemn Chorus of FIRST-CLASS PASSENGERS, doomed to a watery grave.

FIRST-CLASS PASSENGERS (*Doomed to watery grave*)—

Plimsoll! Plimsoll!

On thee we call.

This sort of thing's not right at all
Plimsoll!

[*Act drop.*]

ACT III.—EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

A handful of survivors clinging desperately midway up the sheer and precipitous altitude, and picking periwinkles to sustain their fortitude, under circumstances not a little trying even to heroes of the romantic drama.

CHORUS OF SURVIVORS—

He sleeps, he sleeps, the lighthouse man.
We will not wake him if we can.
Sleep on old chap,
Thou earns't thy nap.
Sublime, poetic ocean's roar,
Must be to thee a deuced bore.
Sleep on, and let thy light burn dim;
To reach the shore
We'll have to swim.

A FEW ANXIOUS ONES.

Oh say what's the distance?
For without assistance
We fear we must really decline.

MARTIN TRUEGOLD.

No gammon or spinach;
Between us and Greenwich,
If one mile there be, there are nine.

ALL.

How shall we then our country reach?

MABEL.

Eureka! Eureka!
If you'll let me speak a,
A plan I'll unfold that is fine.

ALL.

Speak on; we hang upon thy speech.

MABEL.

You remark that nine miles he must do
Ere a swimmer the harbour can reach;
I reply, there are nine men of you—
You must swim a mile each.

ALL (proceeding to put Mabel's plan into execution).

Saved! Saved!

Act drop.

ACT IV.—Ladies and gentlemen.—The reason why I am prevented from giving you the fourth act of my Typicookical Prize Cantata are of a nature painful to my personal pride as a man, to my individual dignity as an author. It little boots that I tell ye how an overbearing and tyrannical government insisted upon suppressing the gem of my masterpiece on the paltry pretext that certain of my historical allusions (notably a can-can by Queen Elizabeth, and a ballet of Bishops upon the dewylawn) were calculated to bring the Throne and the Church into ridicule. They mistake me greatly who imagine that I would write or utter one word calculated to bring revolution upon this great and glorious nation. Howbeit, a day will come when ye shall see my fourth act. In truth, I have neither time nor space enough to give it to ye now.

STUD NEWS.

Moorlands Stud Farm, York.—On the 7th inst., Mr. Blenkiron's Dora, a chestnut colt by Saunterer, and will be put to Speculum; 10th, Mr. Thompson's Cornu, a chestnut filly by Speculum, and is put to him again; 14th, Mr. Scott's Blair Brae, a chestnut colt by Macgregor, and will be put to either Knight of the Garter or Vanderdecken; 16th, Lord Bateman's Utopia, a bay colt by Landmark, and will be put to Vanderdecken; 18th, Mr. Blenkiron's Everlasting, a bay filly by Highlander, and will

be put to Speculum; same day, Lord Falmouth's Hurricane (dam of Atlantic), a bay colt by Kingcraft, and will be put to Knight of the Garter. Since our last return, the following mares have arrived to Speculum:—Mr. James Snarry's Lily Agnes, maiden; Lord Durham's Alruna, by Newminster, in foal to Joskin; Mr. Blenkiron's Bessie, in foal to Vespasian; Touch-and-Go, in foal to Saunterer, and his Kapunda, also in foal to Saunterer; and Mr. P'Anson's Red Light, with colt at foot by King Lud. To Knight of the Garter: Mr. Trotter, jun's., Malapropos, with foal at foot by Albert Victor, and Mr. Cholmley's Loripes, in foal to Speculum.

The Stud Company (Limited), Cobham, March 21, 1877.—March 14, the Stud Company's Myrus, a filly by Carnival, and will be put to him again; the Stud Company's Minna Troil, a filly by Lord Lyon, and will be put to Blair Athol. March 15, the Stud Company's Eva, a filly by Wild Oats, and will be put to Carnival; the Stud Company's Madam Eglentine, a filly by George Frederick, and will be put to Blair Athol. March 16, Mr. W. S. Cartwright's Valeta mare, a colt by Albert Victor, and will be put to George Frederick. March 17, Mr. R. Combe's Miss Merryweather, a filly by Alvarez, and will be put to Blair Athol; Lord Rosslyn's Lady Harcourt, a filly by the Palmer, and will be put to Carnival. March 18, Mr. Jno. Coupland's Symmetry, a filly by Wild Oats, and will be put to him again. Arrived to Carnival:—March 17, Mr. A. Wolfe's Burdett, in foal to D'Estournel. Arrived to Blue Gown:—March 19, Mr. H. W. Freeman's Soufle, with colt by King Lud; March 21, Mr. W. Q. East's Madame Peel, in foal to Barefoot. Arrived to Caterer:—March 17, Mr. A. Wolfe's Hilda. Errata.—My letter of the 17th inst., Mr. R. Combe's Cauldron, a filly by Alvarez, should be a filly by Blair Athol, and will be put to Carnival. Caterer's subscription is full. Blue Gown's had filled as far back as the beginning of January, but we inadvertently omitted to record the fact.

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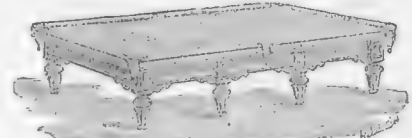
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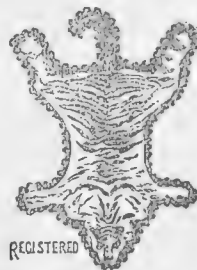
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LOMBARD DEPOSIT BANK (LIMITED).

(Extract from the Directors' Report, presented to the Shareholders at the Fourth Ordinary General Meeting, held at the Cannon-street Hotel, on Saturday, the 3rd March, 1877.)

THE LOMBARD DEPOSIT BANK (LIMITED) having completed its second year, the Directors have the pleasure of presenting to the Shareholders and Depositors their usual report and Balance Sheet, this being the Annual one, but the fourth since the Bank's incorporation, and it having been the most prosperous year the Bank has had, the particulars cannot fail to prove satisfactory to all who are interested in the Company's progress.

From the following figures, which are duly certified by the Auditors as correct, it will be seen that during this year the Directors have received applications for advances of sums amounting in the aggregate to £214,000, of these a considerable portion fell through, because on investigation the security offered was found to be insufficient in value, or defective in title, but your Directors succeeded in completing advances to the amount of £68,653, being more than double the amount advanced during the initial year of the Bank's existence.

During the past six months the Directors have made, in addition to temporary loans, 421 advances of a more permanent character (making a total of 822 advances for the year) on securities amounting to £33,360, upon which the interest and bonus amount to £5,760, and after defraying the expenses of Management, and writing off to Suspense Fund £488, and £500 to increase the Reserve Fund to £1,000, it leaves a balance of £1,425 to be carried forward. These figures show at once the satisfactory condition of the Company.

During the same period the receipts from deposits have been £8,548, and the withdrawals £6,763, so that we have received £1,785 more than we have paid out. We have advanced £34,064, and we have received back £12,715. Our advances therefore are larger than the repayments.

If the above figures are compared with those in the preceding balance-sheet, you will observe that we have continued our usual satisfactory course of business—every department showing a steady increase in the number and extent of our transactions. Some idea of the magnitude of this young institution may be formed from the fact that the total turn over for the year amounts to nearly £224,100, while the amount due to the Company, and for which ample security is held, has now reached the sum of £21,349. In addition to this, the Directors call attention to the fact—a most important one—that within two years of the Bank's establishment, the reserve amounts to £1,000. This large increase in each department of the Company's business, during the past year, evidences the growing and steadfast confidence of the public in the management of the Bank; is most encouraging to the Board, and will be a source of great gratification to the Shareholders. That confidence the Board has sought by constant and conscientious efforts in conducting the business of the Company, on the soundest principles, by investing the moneys intrusted to their charge with the utmost caution and care, by refusing all offered securities which were either speculative or risky, and accepting only such as were legitimate and of ample value.

The Directors also desire to draw the Shareholders' attention to the fact that the whole of the shares are allotted except 5,300. They now offer 3,300 to the present Shareholders and the public at par, the remaining 2,000 at a premium (to be placed to Reserve Fund) of 5s. per share. The Directors believe that the present position of the Bank justifies them in adopting this course.

AT THE FOURTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of the Lombard Deposit Bank (Limited), held at the Cannon-street Hotel, on Saturday, the 3rd March, 1877, Colonel Mahon in the Chair, the Directors' Report and Statement of Accounts were unanimously approved, and a Dividend at the rate of 12½ per cent. was declared. The cordial thanks of the meeting were unanimously passed to Mr. James Pryor, the Manager of the Company, and to the Chairman and Directors.

By Order of the Board,
RICHARD TYLER, Secretary.
35, Lombard-street, 5th March, 1877.

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NOTICE.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL beg to inform the public there will NOT be a SALE at Albert-gate on Monday and Thursday in the Easter week.

TATTERSALL'S, ALBERT GATE, HYDE-PARK. SALES BY AUCTION EVERY MONDAY. Horses on view Saturday.

NOTICE—THURSDAY'S SALES.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL beg to give notice that their THURSDAY'S SALES have now COMMENCED, and will be CONTINUED THROUGHOUT THE SEASON. Horses on View. Catalogues ready every Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock.—ALBERT-GATE, HYDE-PARK.

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FAMOUS DANCERS.

II.—TAGLIONI.

THE operatic season of 1830, opened under the conductorship of M. Laporte, is famous in the annals of Terpsichorean art as that in which the celebrated Marie Taglioni flashed upon the optics of delighted London in the full freshness of her youthful beauty. The ballet had then lost its old attractiveness, had fallen into a monotonous sameness of which the operatic public had at length grown weary, and the dancers who came and went season after season always failed to awaken any particular interest either in themselves or their art. A full house would be partially empty directly after the ballet commenced. But the new dancer's style was something entirely new, and the ethereal grace of her agile movements contrasted most favourably with the less refined and artistic dancing of those whose violent efforts had preceded her on the London stage. In the ballet of *Guillaume* she was received with rapturous applause. Her Tyrolienne created quite a novel sensation; she seemed to move with no effort beyond the mere impulse of her own feelings inspired by, and responsive to, the music. Every change of attitude seemed an outburst of fresh emotion. Every bar and cadence of the orchestra was in perfect harmony with her rapid changes of attitude and position. It was something wonderful, and all London crowded the opera-house to wonder at it. All the loveliness of action, music and feeling were welded into a delightful whole in such dancing as this, and the art was so perfect that it ceased to appear art and was at once natural and beautiful. And yet not altogether perfect, for after all it had one serious defect. The changeful emotions expressed with such brilliant rapidity of gesture and picturesqueness of attitude never seemed to affect the charming face, which was like that of a statue, always the same. Retiring, advancing, tripping with buoyant and



MDLLE. MARIE TAGLIONI.

nymph-like lightness, gliding into movements expressive of languishing tenderness, or darting upward with a lightning-like rapidity, Taglioni's pretty face seldom or never varied in its expression.

Taglioni was born in the year 1810, in Paris, where her father, an Italian by birth, who had been a ballet-master in Italy, kept a general shop. She was one of many children, and was placed when quite young with a milliner, to learn a trade. But, as she had displayed from a very early age a singular talent for and love of dancing, some friends persuaded the parent that this would be a mistake and that she ought to be prepared for the stage. So she was sent to the Academie Royale to join the juvenile ladies of the corps de ballet. There she remained five years before appearing in 1825 as a leading "star," and commencing at the age of fifteen that career of fame and profit which soon placed her at the head of her profession. While very young she married a cornet in the French army, who had been aide-de-camp to Bonaparte. He became a kind and faithful husband. In Paris her reception was highly favourable, and her fame spreading rapidly she came, as we have already said, to London, making her first appearance at the King's, now called Her Majesty's, theatre. In 1832 she made an immense hit in the opera of *Taglioni* and the entire press pronounced her unequalled. Taglioni retired from the stage in 1847 to pass the remainder of her days in Italy, but she has since visited this country as a teacher of dancing.

MAUD ROBERTSON has made her debut on the stage at Whitehaven in her father's comedy,—*Society*.

AN accident of a serious character occurred to Mr. E. T. Smith, of Colepike Hall, on Monday week, when out with the North Durham Foxhounds. Mr. Smith was thrown from his horse, which afterwards jumped upon him. The unfortunate gentleman was removed to Colepike Hall, where he now lies.



SCENE FROM "OUR BOARDING HOUSE," AT THE PARK THEATRE, NEW YORK.

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All Communications intended for insertion in THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS should be addressed to "The Editor," 148, Strand, W.C., and must be accompanied by the Writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SPORTING.

HERBERT FRERE.—It is more than forty years. The Cambridge and Oxford boat-race was inaugurated in 1829. The first race was rowed at Henley, and was won by Oxford. The second match was rowed in June, 1836, and the course was from Westminster to Putney. This was gained by Cambridge. The third was rowed in 1839, and was again won by Cambridge. At first the races were to take place once in every three years. For a time they were irregular, but since 1856 the race has taken place annually.

A FOX HUNTER.—In 1852 Mr. George A. E. Wall, of Droxford, was master of the Hambleton Hounds. He was very popular with the members of the Hunt. Mr. Wall bought the Isle of Wight harriers in 1846, and Mr. Robert Cockburn's hounds in 1850.

DRAMATIC.

L. C. NICHOLS.—Dr. Pangloss is one of the characters in the younger Colman's *Heir at Law*.

T. M.—The word mime is derived from mimus, the buffoon or mimic of the ancient drama.

W. C.—*True at Last* is the title of a tragedy in five acts, published in 1844, without the author's name, by C. Mitchell, of Red Lion-court, Fleet-street.

P. SAVILLE.—Mr. Lionel Goldsmid made his first appearance in America, at Boston, in February, 1836, in the character of Monsieur Morbleu of the farce *Monsieur Tonson*.

R. WEBB.—The benefit took place on the Tuesday only.

E. ONE.—Mr. Irving's version of *Richard III.* has been published, but we do not remember where. Apply to French, theatrical bookseller, in the Strand.

KAO.—Will reply next week.

G. B.—Yes, by the photographers named.

O.—Charles Mathews, jun., made his first appearance in Florence, when he was studying for the profession of an architect. His debut on the London boards took place on Monday, Dec. 7th, 1835, at the Olympic Theatre, which was then under the management of Madame Vestris, when an opening address, written for the occasion, was delivered by John Liston, his father's old friend, who was playing under the same management.

WANDERING WILLIE.—Write to French, theatrical publisher, Strand.

MUSICAL.

D. S.—The guitar was introduced into Spain by the Moors.

W. K.—The words of the old comic cockney song, "All Round my Hat," were originally published in Fraser's Literary Chronicle about forty years since.

H. E. F.—Try Hopwood and Crew, 42, Bond-street.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. H. B.—Henry I. gave a Charter to the City of London, wherein he granted the citizens leave to hold Middlesex to farm for three hundred pounds, upon account, to them and their heirs.

G. W.—It is less than two hundred years since soap was introduced into this country, consequently any reference to soap and water as ordinary elements of personal cleanliness in "a MSS of the fifteenth century" is a palpable proof of its being a forgery. The person who first sold soap in London, was John Lamb, and his shop was in Grasses-street, now called Gracechurch-street.

J. SEDLEY.—No, the real first discoverer was Mr. William Murdock, of Redruth, in Cornwall, who, in 1792, lit up his own house with carburetted hydrogen gas as an economical substitute for lamps and candles. He afterwards, in 1798, lighted with gas the works of Messrs. Boulton and Watt, at their Soho foundry, and at a later period those of Messrs. Phillips and Lee, in Manchester. Mr. Murdock read a paper on the new mode of lighting before the Royal Society, in 1808, and was presented by the committee with the Rumford Gold Medal. Windsor was Murdock's successor, not his predecessor.

F. M. B. C.—The Kitcat Club was established in 1699, the year in which Lady Mary Montague was born.

P.—The "measure" was a dance of a grave and dignified character, which the dancers used to "tread," to slow music.

S. R. F.—The meanest drudges of the kitchen who rode with the cooking and kitchen utensils, when their masters travelled from one of their mansions to another, were called black-guards, and the modern term, although it now has a different meaning, has been traced to them.

A YOUNG.—The City records of York show us that King Richard III. was very popular there. Every letter or message the citizens received from him were gratefully preserved, and it is plain that in the North there was none who regarded him as that monster of iniquity depicted by Shakespeare, Moore, and other historians, of the Lancastrian party.

A VISITOR.—A story is told of a Dr. Dobbs, of Doncaster, and said to be true, as follows:—The doctor had ridden his horse, which he had jocularly christened Nobbs, very hard, a long journey, one winter morning, and while he was attending his patient, left him fastened by the bridle to a rail in the court yard. The dairy maid having that morning brewed a barrel of strong beer, had drawn it off into the cooler and gone away to milk the cows. Nobbs being very thirsty, broke loose, and drank so heartily of the strong beer, that he at last fell down dead drunk where he was discovered by one of the servants who, running in, told the doctor that his horse was dead. The doctor was greatly concerned, for he was very fond of the beast; but being a careful prudent man, he ordered that Nobbs should without delay be flayed and his skin sent on to the curriers on the following morning. Nobbs's skin was accordingly removed and his carcass left to be eaten by the hounds. The night was cold and the fumes of the beer being dissipated, poor Nobbs began to feel his position very acutely. So he got up and trotted away home, and reaching the stable door, he began to whinny for admittance. The doctor had returned home, and was sitting at supper, when Mrs. Dobbs heard the sound, recognised it, and turned pale. The doctor called for a lantern and went out, to find, with horror, his favourite steed without his skin. Summoning his servants, he ordered six sheep to be killed immediately, and their still warm skins were straightway sewn tightly upon poor Nobbs. The horse recovered, the sheep skins stuck to him; and, says the wonderful tale, the wool grew so regularly and rapidly, that Nobbs had to be sheared every year, and for many years after Mrs. Dobbs's flannel petticoats, and the doctor's stockings, were all made of Nobbs's wool. This is the only "woolly horse" we remember to have met with, and he was not Barnum's.

KWEI.—Write to Captain Fitzgerald.

E. V. (Hawthurst) wants to know the name of a book of sporting songs, &c., containing, among other pieces, "How we beat the favourite," of which the last lines, he believes, are—

"A nose I could swear by,
But the judge said the mare by
A short head."

Can any of our readers oblige E. V. with the title, price, publisher's name, and an answer to the question whether it is possible to obtain the book second-hand?

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1877.

It is not often that we find sport or pastime rescued from the lower depths to which it has been relegated by the neglect of its former devotees. Mostly, it falls like Lucifer, never to rise again, and drags out a precarious existence among the dregs of the population. Boxing, running, and athletic pursuits generally have, up to within a comparatively recent date, been considered the amusements of the inferior orders; and though they may from time to time have aroused interest and excitement in higher circles, it has only been in a fitful and uncertain fashion, and they have quickly subsided into insignificance and obscurity. Boxing, it is true, once occupied an exalted place in the affections of certain of our Corinthian order, but the interest exhibited in the noble art of self-defence only went so far as to patronise the efforts of professional prize-fighters, and fell short of actual participation in the toils and honours of the Prize Ring. It was a taste similar to that which attracted the Romans of old to gladiatorial exhibitions, and therefore there were few regrets expressed when the strong arm of the law, backed by the still more powerful aid of public opinion, swept away patrons and professors of the noble art alike, and disestablished for ever brutalising exhibitions. Pedestrianism, though it never soared quite so high as pugilism, speedily found its level among a lower class of professors, and though it was never deemed necessary that legislative enactments should be put in force against it, it occupied a very equivocal position in the scale of popular amusements. Running-grounds, except on rare occasions, attracted only the seedy element and the great

unwashed to their precincts, and though public interest might for a moment be aroused in the cause of some performance of exceptional merit, the swell division regarded an occasional pilgrimage to Hackney Wick and kindred resorts, as second only in adventure to those ever-memorable journeys commenced in the grey of the morning to some favourite locality for undisturbed temporary possession by the ropes and stakes.

Now we have happily changed all this; and boxing, with running, walking, and other kindred athletic competitions, no longer command the suffrages of the ignoble vulgus alone, but have resumed their popularity with the higher classes of society. Slowly, but surely, such relaxations have come to be considered as worthy the attention of our rising generation, and in place of a ring of spectators recruited from the scum of the East-end of London, we find the most fashionable concourses crowding to the athletic arena. The circle of sports seems capable of almost indefinite variety and extension; and this is all the more desirable as affording chances of distinction to all classes of competitors, be they sprinters or stayers, leapers or hurriers, boxers or wrestlers. Though the rage for athletics is a modern creation, the spark has been kept alight for years at our great public schools, where these exercises have always formed part of the curriculum of Sport, but they were deemed more fitted to the state of boyhood than to the dawn of manhood, and hence at the close of his school career, the athlete bade a long adieu to football, running, leaping, and such like recreations, and straightway entered upon a more limited sphere of pastime at the commencement of his University career. Slowly these barriers of conventionality were broken through, and it soon came to be acknowledged that as gentlemen were qualified to set an example of excellence as well in matters aquatic as in the cricket field, so they might elevate other branches of healthful amusement to the same level. There was nothing intrinsically low or base in the appreciation of certain branches of athletics which had become vulgarised by mere accident, and nothing was required to raise their tone but the opportunity which speedily presented itself of dissociating them from the objectionable influences under which they had laboured so long. By this means a large field of pastime previously almost unexplored, was laid open to our aspiring youth, and the leaders of the school of muscular Christianity have long since agreed that there cannot exist too many varieties of amusement calculated to strengthen both mind and body and to cultivate the search after health, provided that their tendencies are of a similarly desirable character. One good result of the encouragement of these outdoor pastimes was apparent in the almost immediate diminution in billiard playing, and the whilom tenants of stuffy rooms sacred to the mysteries of the board of green cloth, applied themselves to earn distinction in a more wholesome atmosphere, literally as well as metaphorically. A powerful rival sprang up to the boating and cricketing factions, into which University life was popularly supposed to be divided, but as time went on it became abundantly apparent that neither the river nor the green sward were losers by the novel attraction afforded by athletics, indeed, both actually received benefit from what was at first considered a formidable opposition, inasmuch as new supplies were turned into their channels, and it was found that the pursuit of one was not incompatible with the practice of all. The example set by the Universities speedily permeated the ranks of contemporaries not possessing the advantages of a sojourn at these seats of learning, and in all directions clubs sprang up, some of sufficient importance to stand by themselves, but mostly in connection with rowing, cricket, or football. Nor has the popularity of such institutions waned in any degree since the first impetus was given to their formation, but in nearly all cases long lists of members and sound financial condition testify to their prosperity. The prizes given are in most cases of that simple order which attracts more by the honour attaching to it than by considerations of filthy lucre; and though a certain amount of speculation may attend the decision of the sports, it is not carried to that extreme which marks, in too many cases, the issues of important contests by land and water. Athletes have not as yet been spoiled by excessive adulation, nor converted into demigods after the manner of the University crews on each successive boat race anniversary.

At this season of the year, during the transition from winter sports to summer amusements, athletics occupy an important place in the cycle of recreations; and we are desirous of giving their supporters and promoters our good word before they are "pushed from their stools" by the advancing phalanx of out-door pastimes, mainly depending on fair weather for their successful undertaking. Supremacy in any branch of athletics is not to be attained without recourse being had, though perhaps in a less degree, to that process of training and preparation which encourages habits of self-denial, and leads the votaries of exercise and health to "spurn delights, and love laborious days." The idea has been suffered to gain ground, that the present age is one which specially favours luxury and effeminacy in the ranks of our "golden youth;" and the statement is permitted to go forth uncontradicted, that we have degenerated from the manliness and hardihood which characterised the Briton in epochs illumined by the light of other days. While sports inviting violent exercise find favour with all grades of the youth of this country, it is manifestly impossible that this should be the case; and although there may be some truth in the assertion that too much of our leisure is devoted to the cultivation of muscle, this is surely a lesser evil than the indulgence in those more questionable methods of killing time which are in vogue among the curled darlings of society. We have a noble example before us of those who for a simple crown of parsley or laurel contended at the Olympian games in the palmy days of Greece; and though our athletic gatherings can never be expected to assume the national or political importance which attached to the old Hellenic festival, we have still a trust committed to us in the preservation of that muscular supremacy which has brought us through many a tough passage of arms. And as anything which tends to preserve this proud boast of our countrymen is worthy of all support, we commend the encouragement of athletic sports to all interested in the common weal.

THE SONG OF A LINCOLNSHIRE FOX.

(A REPLY TO MISS HELEN TAYLOR).*

GENERATIONS of sportsmen have sung a loud song
Of the good and the pleasure the Chase can supply;
Now, humanitarians prove it is wrong
To hunt "the poor foxes" that so they should die;
But ('tis certainly strange) as yet never a word
From Reynard himself upon this has been heard,
Though he *should* be the last to stand silently by.

Yes, it slightly concerns us, I venture to think;
So gentle, to just a few verses give ear,
From a fox, whom, although he may now and then wink
('Tis his nature), I believe to be truly sincere;
Nor suspect, from the feelings he shows are within,
He is Trollope* disguised in a suitable skin,
Or a medium for Nimrod, whose spirit is here.

I have heard—who has not?—that a noted old whip
While vowing men, horses and hounds, the whole crew,
Took delight in the sport, with an oath on his lips
Would add—"And the fox?... he delights in it too!"...
We *don't*, but it is the sole trouble we know.
Of God's creatures shall *we* be alone free from woe?
—A result, good for neither us foxes nor you.

All they who see much of the world and its strife
Well know that since ever its course it began,
There is nothing that lives, but at some time of life
It is hunted—and dies, or escapes if it can.
You are sport for hard Fate, and Remorse and Despair,
Bereavement, Mishap, Disappointment, and Care
Are the hounds that stick close when the quarry is Man.

Man is hunted and hunts—'tis with foxes the same.
Man is hunted and hunts—he hunts foxes and must.
We are hunted and hunt—we hunt rabbits, and shame
If we did not prefer their sweet flesh to a crust.
All this is but fair. Who would have us complain?
We inflict and again in our turn suffer, pain.
We foxes have *some* sense of justice, I trust.

Of what value were life but for danger and pain?—
A dull pool of stagnation, 'twould stink with decay!—
Each struggle that ends with success is a gain,
And victory's glories all hardships repay,
The horseman who led through "that marvellous run,"
And the fox whose endurance his life for him won,
Each taste the same pleasure at close of the day.

You hold him a fool and a coward who toys
With ease and indulgence for ever, and base
On perils survived the supremest of joys,
On obstacles dreaded a dastard's disgrace.
Would you see us despised, and reduce to the growth
Of the awkward, weak, stupid, contemptible sloth
Those nearest to man in pluck, reason, and grace?

Last season they found me at Ancaster Gorse,
Smiles lighting all faces—in gallantest style,
The pink of perfection, came man, hound, and horse:—
Two hours in the open, hard mile after mile,
Have rubbed off the polish and changed the fair show:
Of two hundred who started you scarcely may know
The ten who remain when 'tis *my* turn to smile.

"Tally-ho!" as I broke away rang down the wind
And "To him, my hearties!" just warmed up my blood,
But the horn echoed faint, they were far behind
When by Welby one minute to listen I stood,
And the field—was a rout, and the foremost dead-beat
When I lapped Lenton's stream ere I sought a retreat,
With a whisk of my brush in wild Ingoldsby's wood.

That night in my dreams I was hunted again,
"Hark forward!" again told the throng I was found;
Again did I lead them right down to the fen.
And scattered were horseman, and hunter, and hound,
Oh! the joy and the triumph to see the whole plain
Well dotted with scenes of disaster and pain,
And the Master himself lying crushed on the ground.

Another dream dreamt I—another race ran—
This time I was hunting, 'twas sport in good truth,
For nothing escaped me, but hound, horse, and man
I butchered and spared neither old age nor youth:
I could cheat and outrun them: *they* all fell to me;
My fangs in their throats was a new thing to see,
And the Master's heart's-blood, oh, 'twas sweet to the tooth!

Fair disciple of Martin! frank speeches scarce fit
With the cunning and artfulness linked to my name,
But 'tis men and not women we love to outwit,
To deceive a weak woman we hold to be shame.
So, now I have shown you my bloodthirsty heart
Will you still in your gentleness take Reynard's part,
Or turn from him, loathing, and count him fair game?

Oh, trust me, 'twere kinder by far to do this
Than to hunt us no more!... Will you never perceive,
'Tis to hunting existence we owe, and the bliss
That living confers upon all things that live?
Would you rob us of life, and the pleasures of life,
Extinguish a race by a war to the knife,
And trample out blessings the gods choose to give?

And surely will issue the doom of our race
And you English no longer know us and our lot,
From the moment a ban shall be fixed on the Chase
And the fox is consigned to trap, poison, and shot.
Then adieu to the woods and the clear cooling rill—
Adieu to the bright golden gorse on the hill—
Our name and our honours shall soon be forgot!

Oh, give us the chance still to run for our lives,
Nor slaughter a breed just as gallant as man,
Like rats in their holes, and like bees in their hives.
Oh, give us a chance to escape if we can!
If we fail to repay you in life or in death—
If craven we yield while our bodies have breath,
Then set on the fox-chase a merciless ban!

What? Should I not rather a thousandfold choose
To run for dear life than be shot out of hand?
This choice did your Calton, the trapper, refuse
When caught by the Indians' fleetfooted band?
He ran, and his scalp bore away from the rush;
I ran; if you catch me, well, hang up the brush;
If not let me whisk it still glad through the land.

And, oh, from you Britons this boon we deserve,
For to us do you owe the great deeds you have done.
We gave you the daring and coolness and nerve
That have conquered wherever you fought 'neath the sun.
Upon the hard field where my grandsire had died,
He had winnowed the faint-hearts, the bravest had tried;
Great Wellington vowed—*Here was Waterloo won?*

Beware how you give up old customs for new,
Rough sports, manly feats and achievements, and then
Leave nothing for men save what women can do—
The wagging a tongue and the driving a pen!
Beware how you enervate hearts that can dare,
And hands that can do, and man's vigour,—beware
Lest in stamping out foxes you stamp out the men!

Better less of refinement, and vigour increased,
Than more of effeminate culture, a spell
That never had tamed the dark hordes of the East,
And ruled the wild billows wherever they swell.
The day that the fox-chase condemned you proclaim,
Farewell to the spirit that won you your name,
To the noble renown of Old England, farewell!

Sweet disciple of Martin! of just the same mind
'Tis as like we shall be, as in nature the same.
You are timid and yielding, true, tender, and kind,
I am cruel and fierce, cunning, savage and "game."
You do unto others as they should to you,
But by others I do as by me others do,
And when *you* shall be bloodthirsty I will be tame!

Peace would starve and out-root us—our vote is for war,
To hunt and be hunted, endurance and art
Still proving us victors. Oh, let me once more
But see their best hounds lamed and beaten depart,
Horsemen shattered, and broken-down many a horse,
As that day when I led them from Ancaster Gorse;
And old Rosamond's fangs may then meet in my heart!

HEATHERTHORP.

A SPORTING STORY.

BY BYRON WEBBER.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

Up at Wimpledale Place they felt quite as much interest in the forthcoming Meeting as was experienced down in the town; and, maybe, rather more interest in the match between Arthur Basinghall Sutton, Esq., M.D., and Reginald Woodridge, Esq., iron-master, Shipley. After Squire Wilson had been cajoled into consenting "to have some people" (a delightfully vague way of putting it) during the race week, the girls let him rest, but the time had now arrived for making the necessary arrangements on their part. It was Saturday, two days subsequently to the morning Essom had his mind eased by Ryan's letter. Mr. Wilson was making his accustomed after-breakfast round amongst the live stock, and Kate and Miss Vandervelde were laying their heads together, in company with the local paper, which Sylvia lazily pretended to read. The breakfast-room at the Place was as cosy an apartment as one need wish to put slipper into, and just now all a-glow with a North country coal fire, and animated in the most delightful sense of the word by the presence of two pretty girls, it looked its brightest. Kate was herself again; the careworn expression was gone; and Sylvia, thanks to some of that out-door exercise which in country quarters is inevitable, had lost that peculiar resemblance to a natty little figure of Sèvres which distinguished her when we first made her acquaintance in the summer.

"There is nothing in this stupid paper that I can see, Kate; there never is anything except accounts of ploughing-matches, parish meetings, and serious accidents to persons who cannot drive. Yes, there is sporting intelligence. I almost wonder why you take such a paper, Kate; but I suppose you must. It is expected of you, like subscriptions for soup, and coals, and blankets for the poor."

"You must not be severe, Syl; I am sure the paper is very good of its kind."

"And extremely kind of you to say so, Kate; not that I intended a pun. But that is not much in its favour, 'Good of its kind;' why, you agree with me."

"Try the sporting news, then; there is sure to be something about our races.—Let me see the paper." And Kate laughingly attempted to snatch the journal out of Sylvia's hand. That young lady, retreating with mock gravity, observed—

"No, mademoiselle, you have dared to impugn my opinion of provincial newspapers—your newspaper; I will show you that the sporting is just as stupid as the rest of its dreary contents. Listen. 'Heatherthorp Autumn Races—Applications for sites for booths and stands to be made on or before Wednesday next, the twenty-second inst., to Mr. Essom, Clerk of the Course.' There, Miss Wilson, that is something about our races; and a most interesting piece of news it is. Here is something else: 'Sporting Match across Country. We'—what a dreadful person the we with a large W is Kate!—'We' (with a large W) 'are in a position to state that the sporting match between Dr. Sutton's'—Kate, this is interesting!—'bay horse Kelpie, and Mr. Woodridge's chestnut mare, Blouzelinda,'—what an odd name!—'about which we informed our readers in our last impression, has been finally arranged. An eminent Irish handicapper has apportioned the weights,'—what's apportioning the weights, Kate?—'but some dissatisfaction has been expressed by the friends of Dr. Sutton, in consequence of the handicapper's having arranged for him to give his antagonist ten pounds.' What a shame! why *should* Dr. Sutton give Mr. Reginald Woodridge such a sum of money?"

"You have not finished," observed Kate, who had listened with a surprising amount of attention.

"No, here is some more of it: 'As will be observed in another column, the weights are, Kelpie, eleven ten; and Blouzelinda, eleven stone. Our Shipley correspondent reports great excitement in that town over the match; and there is also great interest felt with regard to the affair at Heatherthorp, where Dr. Sutton is exceedingly popular. There has, thus far, been little betting; but Mr. Woodridge's mare may be pronounced favourite, six to four having been laid on her several times in Heatherthorp as soon as the weights were known.' Well, Kate, one sometimes reads with the eye and not with the brain, when the wits are wandering; but I have been trying to read with both, and with my wits, such as they are, too, but—I am bewildered. Dr. Sutton has given Mr. Woodridge ten pounds—they have laid six to four on the mare—what *does* it all mean?"

Kate looked remarkably serious, and did not reply.

"Why, my dear, one would imagine, by your dear melancholy face, that something very distressing had happened. If Dr. Sutton chooses to let them take his money, what is it to you? When you are married you will cure him of his folly. Why, I do believe you are going to cry!"

"It is very silly, I know; but—but—but I can't help it!" sobbed Kate, fairly breaking down. "You d—d—don't understand these things, Syl—via."

"My darling," said Sylvia, gravely, "you must not give way like this. Come into my room and tell me all about it. What would your papa think if he saw you sobbing fit to break your heart?"

"It's over now," replied Kate, drying her tears, and heaving a remarkably heavy sigh. "Don't laugh at me, Sylvia," she added, kissing her friend; "I never was so weak before, and I never shall be again, depend upon it."

"Very well, my dear; that is a sensible resolution: and now that your face is restored to its original length, and you appear capable of speaking without making mincemeat of your words, please help me to be as wise and as miserable as yourself. What were you crying for?"

"Why, Sylvia, as I told you before, you don't understand racing. I don't much; but last year at Scarborough, before I knew Arthur"—and she blushed quite prettily—"we used to see a good deal of a Captain Masters. He was very fond of horse-racing. Indeed, I don't mind telling you, Sylvia,"—and her eyes twinkled merrily—"that (we flirted desperately) he used to make love to me in the language of the Turf. It was so funny!"

"I have no doubt of it, Kate; I think I should have cured him of his passion for sporting idioms, though. And?"

"He told me all about racing; and although I have forgotten nearly everything he said, I know that Arthur has been shamefully used in this match!" And she spoke with energy.

"How, my dear?"

"That ten pounds which puzzles you means weight, not money. Kelpie has to carry that amount of weight more than Reginald's horse; and as the horses are the same age, Reginald may win—and I don't want him to win!"

There was the least suspicion of tremulousness about her lovely lips; and Sylvia, fearing another shower, hastened to interpose.

"Why, Kate, I am ashamed of you. *He* would be ashamed of you if he saw you now; I am sure he would. Sooner than that hateful Woodridge triumph a second time, I would do something very improper and unladylike myself. Go and frighten his horse, or get the groom to poison it, or—he shan't win; I have said it!" She uttered the last phrase in a tragic tone and a manner perfectly irresistible. Kate laughed outright.

The Squire re-entered the apartment at that moment, and the conversation came to an abrupt termination. He was unusually good-tempered. A porker of his own breeding, the elasticity of whose cuticle he had been for some weeks testing by means of a condiment of his own inventing, had been despatched to the happy grunting-grounds the day before. Mr. Wilson had just seen the over-larded monster weighed; and as the weight had much exceeded his expectations, he was happy. Kate saw that he was in a promising mood; and having interchanged glances with Sylvia, at once broached the subject of the festivities of the race-week. Miss Vandervelde artfully followed suit, and presently Mr. Timothy Wilson found himself consenting to everything they asked—and their demands were rather exorbitant. Still, to preserve appearances he felt he must suggest an obstacle or so, and, accordingly, stiffening himself in his chair, he exclaimed—

"Stop, stop, stop! not so fast, young ladies, if you please. We must draw the line somewhere. You can do what you like with the guests when they arrive here—dine them, dance them, or what you please. Only take all the trouble off my hands; and don't ask too many people."

"You are such a kind papa!" said Kate, kissing him.

"And there is another restriction—"

They waited for him to proceed.

"I'll have no Doctor Sutton here. Remember that!"

Kate's countenance fell immediately, and she looked ready to burst into tears. She had meditated bringing about a reconciliation between her father and the Doctor. But Sylvia was equal to the occasion: *she* rose, and advancing to Mr. Wilson, said—

"Mr. Wilson, if Doctor Sutton is not to be included in the people we—that is, you—invite to The Place, I pack up and leave at once. Dr. Sutton is a friend of mine—he is my medical adviser—and, if you consult my pleasure, you will ask him to come. I await your answer."

She stood before him with her hands demurely folded, and her eyes cast down—the very personification of meekness. He gazed at her for a minute, and said—

"Sylvia, you are a strange girl. He shall come, of course—as your friend." He rose and left the room saying, "I wouldn't be that girl's father for kingdoms!"

So it was decided that the girls were to have *carte blanche* in everything, even with regard to the people to be bidden to The Place. Twice had Timothy Wilson, Esq., been defeated by Miss Vandervelde in Kate's behalf; would she be triumphant in the third attempt.

(To be continued.)

The father of Madame Bodda Pyne died recently aged 88 years. It is announced that the Alexandra Palace has been leased for twenty-one years to Messrs. Bertram and Roberts, and will be re-opened the first week in May.

The Royal Cornwall Yacht Club will hold its annual regatta on July 24. The Rules of the Yacht Racing Association have been unanimously adopted for this club.

CAPTAIN McNAUGHTEN is the new master of the Callislock Hounds in Dorset, and the gallant captain intends to hunt the country five days a fortnight, and on by-days.

THE sub-committee of the Shakspeare National Memorial have made the arrangements for laying the first stone of the Shakspeare National Memorial at Stratford-on-Avon, on the 23rd of April next.

THE Round, Catch, and Canon Club, on Saturday week, after the usual simple club dinner, gave an entertainment for the ladies, which consisted of an admirable selection of glees, sung in the best style by Messrs. Baxter, Ball, Coates, Thompson, Carter, Walker, Hilton, De Lacy, and Winn.

THE opening match of the Thames Sailing Club season commenced on Saturday afternoon week on Kingston Reach, in a stiff breeze, giving every promise of a good day's sport, but immediately after a snowstorm the wind dropped down to a calm, with occasional gusts, rendering a postponement till to-day (Saturday) at 2.30 necessary.

THE season for trout-fishing will commence on April 1. In the lower portion of the Thames the bye-laws are defective as to the season for taking trout, as under the old and existing rules fishing is permitted after January 26, and, although angling for trout previous to April 1 is considered unsportsmanlike, several of the Thames anglers will begin their season on Friday, so as to fish through the Easter Holidays. Several good fish have been seen feeding at Kingston, Hampton-court, Sunbury, Halliford, Shepperton, Chertsey, and Penton Hook.

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* In reference to the articles which appeared some time back in the "Fortnightly Review," by Miss Helen Taylor attacking, and by Mr. Anthony Trollope defending, the sport of Fox-hunting.

HUNTING A SUBSTITUTE.

BY RALPH NEVILLE.

I JOYFULLY accepted an invitation from Hyacinth O'Hara, my college "chum," to spend some recent holidays with him at Armagh Castle, his father's residence in the west of Ireland, for I knew, along with other attractions, that the old gentleman kept a pack of hounds, and that I was certain of being provided with a clever mount. My young friend, the heir to the family estates, was a finely-built strapping fellow of five feet ten—the happy

medium—a proficient in all manly sports and exercises, was always found prominent amongst the students of Old Trinity, of whose body he formed a distinguished unit whenever they sallied forth for a row with the citizens, or a raid on the old guardians of the night. He was remarkable for his daring and judgment as a horseman—qualities which have always raised those who possessed them highly in public estimation. Although but twenty years of age, he had already been on the "fifteen acres;" and after an exchange of two shots, both of which nearly pinked his adversary, received an ample written apology from a noted duellist, who,

speculating on his youth and modesty, had attempted to bully him; so that his claims to popularity were incontestable, and were most fully recognised by all classes of his neighbours, but more particularly by the fair sex and the peasantry. The family of my host was a large one. The visitor-guests were numerous, and we passed the time most agreeably until the eve of Christmas Day, which fell upon Sunday, when the old Squire was smitten with an attack of his hereditary enemy—the gout—which rendered him fidgetty and ill-tempered. The horse-shoe table was comfortably arranged before a blazing fire in the dining-room; and he



A REST BY THE WAY.

was endeavouring, as best he could, to promote hilarity amongst the seniors of his guests, when he suddenly rang the bell beside which he was seated; and on the entrance of the servant, while he was suffering under an unusually severe twitch of his malady, roughly demanded, "If Master Hycy had returned, or if he knew that they had trapped a fox?" The answer to both questions was in the negative.

"Well," said the Squire, "if they can't find a fox, what shall I do; it is now (looking at his watch) ten o'clock on Saturday night, if my people come back without trapping one, and that they try to do so to-morrow, the parson will be growling about

my permitting them to labour on the Sabbath; and on Monday morning all my neighbours, high and low, young and old, our worthy vicar and the parish priest included, will be woefully disappointed if they have not the annual treat which I have always provided for them on St. Stephen's day."

"For my part," said one of the guests, "I always found that a stout hare gives better sport than a bagged fox, for the poor brute is always demoralised by his captivity or injured in the taking, and either can't or won't run; so, to say the truth, I think we shall have better hunting without one."

An opinion which was unanimously concurred in by the party

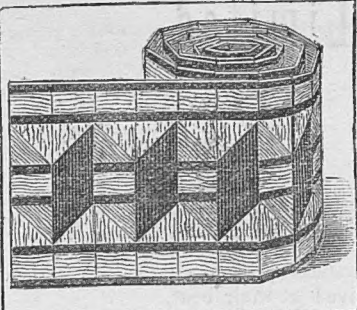
as they quitted their wine to adjourn to the drawing-room, and left their host alone, who determined to await the result of his servant's enterprise. After tossing off a bumper of real Chateau Margaux, and bestowing a harmless malediction on the stupidity of his forbears who indulged in port, and bequeathed him a painful inheritance, he settled himself in his easy chair for a nap.

Our readers must not censure the squire for sanctioning what in other countries, and under other circumstances, would be justly regarded as a most discreditable act, namely, the capturing of Reynard by an unworthy stratagem; for his conduct in this respect may be fully justified by the fact that there were no pre-

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